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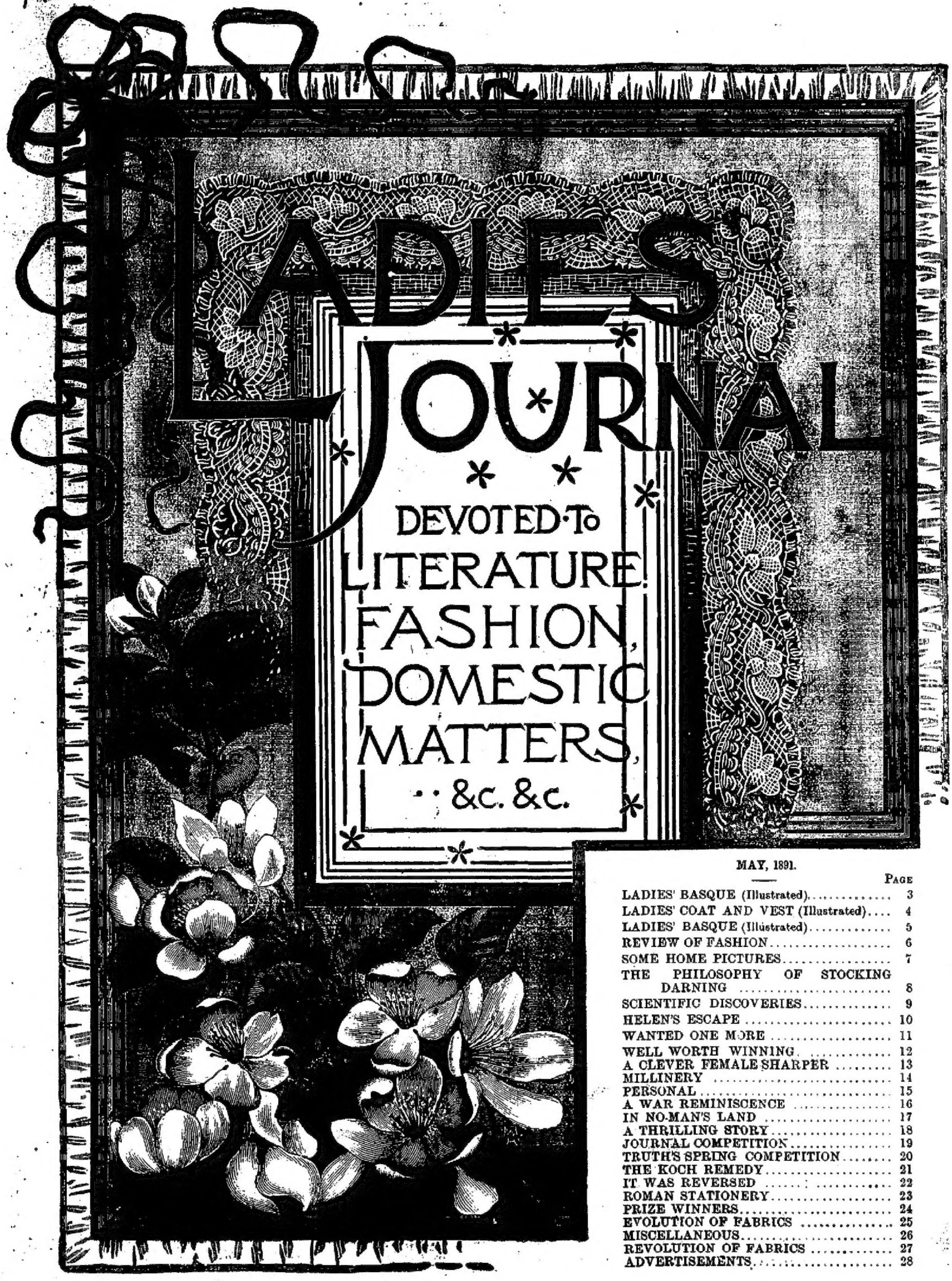

MAY, 1891.

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And are sold at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each box or pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the world. ☞ Purchasers should look to the label on the Pot and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

WEAK nervous sufferers from youthful folly, loss of manly vigor, weakness of body, mind, etc. I will mail you a simple and certain means of self cure free. Restored me to health and manhood after trying in vain all known cures. Address F. B. Clarke, East Haddam, Conn.

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Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy **FREE** to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,

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"THE DOLLAR" KNITTING MACHINE

MANUFACTURED BY CRFELMAN BROS GEORGETOWN ONT

CARMEL SOAP is made by a Mission Society in Palestine, and is the purest form of

CASTILE SOAP.

If your grocer or druggist does not keep it send 15c. for sample cake to A. KLIPSTEIN, 52 Cedar St., N. Y.,

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The World was ready for Pearline—received it with smiling face—outstretched arms and in a few years, has made the very name Pearline to mean perfect cleanliness, with ease, comfort and safety.

It's to your interest and ours to have you try it (we share the benefits with you). On coarse articles or fine; on anything washable. Delightful in the bath. Millions use Pearline because it helps *them*—not-us. It helps us most to make an article that helps woman.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous.

155 Pearline is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

BURTON'S ALL HEALING TAR & GLYCERINE SOAP

is the only reliable and safe Soap to wash your head with. It preserves the hair, makes it grow, keeps the scalp healthy.

☞ Beware of Imitations and always ask for BURTON'S.

THE LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. XI. No. 5—NEW SERIES. TORONTO, MAY. 1891. $1.00 PER YEAR.

On the Bicycle.

The bicycle has come to stay. It is not a craze, one of the many that sweep through the land like the latest fashion. It has established itself among the permanent utilities. Of course, it is not equally adapted to every country, nor to every portion of any country; but wherever the roads a good and not too steep, it will more and more come into practical use.

Already bicycles and tricycles are extensively used in England as economical substitutes for horses, needing no barn, no feed, no grooming, and no medical care.

With such a machine, the pastor easily makes his calls in the most distant parts of his parish. The country doctor finds it still better suited to his needs, ready at the most sudden and urgent call, and able to wait at the patient's door with no risk from cold, however long the visit.

With its aid, too, the traveller explores the country on roads far removed from railways, and in its most picturesque parts. The biycle must have a great future in the level West. The relation of good roads to its use is seen at Washington, where many thousand bicylcles noiselessly roll over the smoothly cemented streets.

The utility of the bicycle is not confined to the more practical ends of locomotion. It furnishes a new means of valuable exercise. This exercise is exhilarating. It is in the open air, and the rider is not forced to it for his health, but drawn to it by anticipations of pleasure.

The various modifications of the bicycle adapt it to both sexes, and in many cases invalids might be pleasantly helped by it to health again. Pure air and a cheery state are often more effective than exercise or the most potent drugs.

As a rule, bicycling is less desirable than horse-back-riding; but many persons need the more quiet exercise, and many others can afford neither to keep nor to hire a horse. As for carriage-riding, it is much too passive an exercise for the needs of most, while the constrained posture is a great drawback in any case.

As compared with bicycling, walking is better for some persons, and not so good for others. Walking is far less violent exercise, but the movement in either case brings into active use the muscles of the arms, chest and back.

Most people who can have the use of a bicycle find walking too slow and irksome, and the mental state is an important factor in all physical exercise.

The German Reichstag has rejected the first part of the Socialistic bill, which provides that the maximum work-day be immediately fixed at ten hours, and that the maximum be reduced to nine hours in 1894, and to eight hours in 1898.

A correspondent writing from Sierra Leone, West Africa, reports a singular incident which occurred in that harbour on Sunday, the 22nd February. In the afternoon one of the boats which were moored off the Public Wharf was seen to suddenly start off up the river as if being carried by the tide. Some persons who witnessed the affair pursued the runaway, and on getting up to it found that the boat was being drawn along by a "seagrapple." This is really a huge octopus, and for some little time the occupants of the pursuing boat were afraid to board the other craft. Finally it was captured and towed back to Susan's Bay. It seems that it is no unusual circumstance for this description of fish to visit the Sierra Leone Harbour, and it is not the first time that they have made off with one of the boats moored there. It is said that some of the fish are of immense size, the body alone measuring from eight to twelve feet in diameter, and the legs are proportionately long.

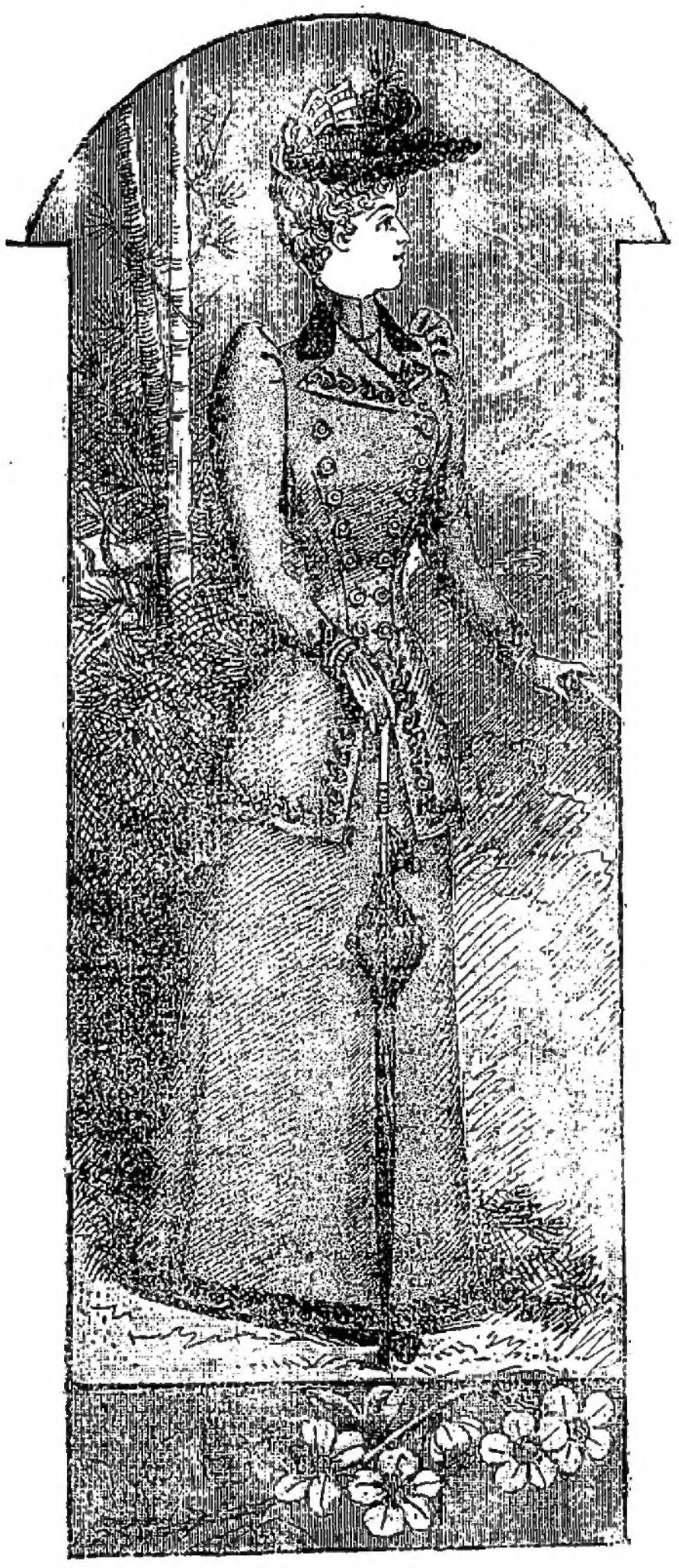

FIG. 30.—No. 4978.—LADIES' BASQUE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34 inches, 4¼ yards; 36 inches, 4½ yards; 38 inches, 4⅝ yards; 40, 42 inches, 5 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34 inches, 2¼ yards; 36 inches, 2½ yards; 38 inches, 2⅝ yards; 40, 42 inches, 2¾ yards.

For the medium size, 4⅞ yards of gimp, and for each size ⅛ of a yard of velvet cut on the bias will be required. This design is adapted for cheviot or any of the woolen suitings.

No. 4946.—LADIES' WALKING SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 22 inches, 8 yards; 24 inches, 8¼ yards; 26 inches, 8½ yards; 28 inches, 8¾ yards; 30, 32 inches, 9 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 22 inches 4 yards; 24 inches, 4¼ yards; 26 inches, 4½ yards; 28 inches, 4¾ yards; 30, 32 inches, 4½ yards.

If made on the bias as illustrated, 5 yards of 42-inch material and 3½ yards of gimp will be required for the medium size.

FIG. 30.—The lady's basque shown in this extremely stylish and elegant example is made from Pattern 4978, price 25 cents, and is of the very latest fashion, and shows a pointed waist with a double-breasted front, wide, pointed revers beyond a flat collar, a round collar and a glimpse of a vest-effect being aided to the flat collar displayed above the revers. The side-pieces are long in conformity to the reigning mode. The sleeves are high with the forearm tight. The graceful effect of this basque as a top makes any skirt effective, as it constitutes, in a manner, the whole tone of the costume. The fabrics used are at present the new light cloths, and among them the tan-colors, the pale olives, and Nile green are worn, and late models show Nile green associated with tan color, the first tint forming the basque and the last the skirt. The lady's walking-skirt seen in the same figure is made from Pattern 4946, price 30 cents, and is clinging and severely plain as to its front, having but few darts at the top. This shape is eminently suited to locomotion, and has a compact style, which recommends it to all who can appreciate ease in walking. The new light cloths, and woolens of all kinds, as well as summer silks and cotton goods, can be used for the pretty skirt.

Spots on the Sun.

Enormous fluctuations are taking place on the surface of the sun, and will be followed for the two or three coming years by spots of every variety. Their will be normal spots, consisting of an umbra and penumbra, and spots irregular in form or gathered in groups. The sizes of the spots vary from five hundred miles to fifty thousand miles or more, and they are often large enough to be visible to the naked eye. They may last for a few days, or for weeks or months. Their distribution is mostly confined to two zones on the sun's surface, between five degrees and forty degrees of latitude north and south.

Other signs of solar agitation follow in the wake of the sun-spots. Gigantic solar eruptions, known as rosy protuberances, rise from the sun's border, like tongues of flame, sometimes to the height of hundreds of thousands of miles. The earth bears witness to the disturbed state of the sun, for auroras flash in the heavens, magnetism reaches its greatest point of oscillation, and electricity takes on its most brilliant manifestations.

The sun-spot periodicity is a subject of universal interest, and little has been sounded of its unfathomable depths. It is known that the cycle is completed in about eleven years, containing a maximum of quiescence; that the spots are cavities in the solar photosphere, filled with gases or vapors cooler than the surrounding portions; that the spots move with a varying velocity, and that the spot-producing activity has a direct influence on the magnetism and electricity of the earth.

The cause of the sun-spots, and the nature of the mysterious tie that binds together the disturbed sun and our planet, are among the problems of the future.

He—You loved me once.

She—Yes, when I was young and foolish.

He—And you rejected me.

She—Um—then I couldn't have been so very foolish after all.

How to Feed Baby.

To the delicate young mothers who are physically unadapted to nursing children, and who are unable, if they so desired to obtain a wet-nurse, I send the following directions for feeding a child with cow's milk through the medium of the much-abused patent nursing bottle.

For their encouragement allow me to say that I believe a careful, intelligent mother may bring up her children in perfect health by so-called artifical feeding, sanitary and other conditions being good. I have cared for two children, and I am familiar with the catalogue of evils attendant upon the use of the nursing bottle only through the columns of various periodicals.

And so, dear little mothers, if there are good reasons why you should not nurse your baby with mother's milk, do not become discouraged if your mother-in-law or nurse speaks disparagingly of every other way of bringing up a family; but direct the nurse to give the little one warmed cow's milk diluted one-half with boiled water. If the weather is warm she should also add a small quantity of lime-water, not enough to affect the taste of the milk unpleasantly.

When possible fresh milk should be procured night and morning. It should be diluted at once with boiled water, and set away in a cool place ready for use. After the child is a few months old, the proportion of milk may be increased until it is able to digest undiluted milk. If, when it is ten or eleven months old, it seems to demand more nourishment than milk supplies, it may be given night and morning a portion of some prepared food, prepared according to directions on the package.

A child should not be given solid food until it is two years old. Any wise physician will advise liquid food during the period of dentition.

About caring for the bottle—for upon its cleanliness depends its successful use—it and its patent attachment may be kept as clean as a cup. In order to save the trouble of cleaning a bottle at an inconvenient hour, and that a fresh bottle may be ready for use during the night and another for the morning, one should always be supplied with three well filled bottles. These may all be cleaned in the morning at one's leisure, with hot water and soda. After that one bottle will usually serve during the day by carefully rinsing the tube and bottle each period of nursing. A bottle should not remain in the cradle after the child's hunger is satisfied, as the milk will become stale, and perhaps turn sour.

In cleaning the bottle and tube one need not fear to use the brushes sold by the druggist for the purpose. If one of its bristles should chance to get loose, the thorough rinsing under a faucet which should always be given each part, will surely remove any obstruction.

The tube brush should be used by drawing the wire handle through the tube. I have seen some people stupidly try to work the brush end through the tube, thereby bending and injuring the bristles. When gas is not available a small oil stove is a necessity for speedily warming the milk. The mother should bear in mind that a baby is a creature of habit, and that one cannot begin too early to bathe, feed and otherwise care for it at regular periods.

If the milk should cause constipation, cathartics should not be given a child, but instead a small glycerine suppository. This should be given at a certain hour every morning, if necessary. It will tend to regulate the bowels without deranging the system.

The Kangaroo

The kangaroo bid fair soon to be as scarce in Australia, where only a few years ago there were millions of them, as the bison now are on the American plains. They formerly not infrequently outnumbered the sheep on the ranches, or "stations" as they are called in the island continent, but the sheep raisers discovered that they were voracious feeders and devoured as much grass as four times their number of sheep. As a consequence they were hunted and butchered to the point of extermination and now a ranch that formerly supported 1,000 sheep is sufficient for 5,000. But it has come to pass, such is the irony of fate, that a kangaroo skin, prized for book binding, etc., is now worth as much in the Australian market a five sheep.

There are fully 30 varieties of kangaroo or rather were, varying from the gigantic red kangaroo of Queensland, averaging eight feet in height, to the little kangaroo rat of Victoria averaging only that many inches in stature. The animal more generally accepted as the true kangaroo is the mouse-colored one, ranging about six feet in height.

Fig. 32.—No. 4995.—Ladies' Coat and Vest Price 35 cents.

Quantity of Material (54 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 inches, 2½ yards; 40 inches, 2¼ yards; 42 inches, 2⅜ yards.

For the medium size, ⅞ of a yard of silk for facing for the coat, 2½ yards of 24-inch lining silk, and ⅝ of a yard of silesia for back of vest will be required.

No. 4946.—Ladies' Walking Skirt. Price 30 cents.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 28 inches, 8 yards; 24 inches, 8¼ yards; 26 inches, 8½ yards; 28 inches, 8⅞ yards; 30, 32 inches, 9 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 22 inches, 4 yards; 24 inches, 4¼ yards; 26 inches, 4½ yards; 28 inches, 4⅝ yards; 30, 32 inches, 4¾ yards.

Fig. 32.—This very stylish and handsome costume shows two patterns. The lady's coat and vest, made from Pattern 4995, price 25 cents, are among the most highly successful and best approved of the season's modes. The vest is cut very low, and displays a shirt waist with a collar, of which the points are turned down, above a small tie. The fronts of the vest are pointed. The coat has broad revers lined with silk or satin. The fronts are cut squarely off, and at the back long tails of the same style as those of a gentleman's coat are seen. The sleeves, high on the shoulder, are not very close on the forearm. The style of this coat when worn is undeniably good, nor does it offer any difficulty in the making, if cut in an exact following of the pattern given. Fabrics, silk, satin, and cloth. The lady's walking skirt shown in the same picture is of a clinging shape, and is made from Pattern 4946, price 30 cents. It gives the close effect at the sides and on the front, which is so fashionable at present, and to which the new fabrics in woolens, as well as silk, are so well adapted.

Never Forgotton Letters.

The Boston correspondent of the *Book-Buyer* quotes an amusing letter sent by Mr. Aldrich to Professor E. S. Morse, the accomplished ex-president of the American Academy for the Advancement of Science. Professor Morse, it should be said, had a handwriting quite indiscribable in illegibility.

My dear Mr. Morse: It was very pleasant to me to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think that I mastered anything beyond the date (which I knew), and the signature (which I guessed at). There's a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours. It never grows old, it never loses its novelty. One can say to one's self every morning, "There's that letter of Morse's. I haven't read it yet. I think I'll take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able in the course of a few years to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's and those i's that haven't any eyebrows." Other letters are read, and thrown away and forgotten; but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime. Admiringly yours, T. B. Aldrich.

Strange Burial Scenes.

A traveller draws nea a station homestead. His feeble horse pulls itself together for another effort, and whinnies as from the homestead he sees a solitary brombie in a paddock just ahead. At the right hand is a water-tank—a great hole dug in the ground—filled eighteen months ago by rain. Hundreds of sheep lie dead and dying round it, and thousands stench the plains. The sheep have either died in reaching the tank, or, getting to it, have plunged in, and have then perished, too weak to get up the bank again. Phalanxes of gorged crows stand in line upon the bank, a black and menacing barricade, and kite and magpies hover overhead.

The traveller has passed empty wells, and has shuddered at the tales told him in some shepherd's hut where he sought shelter. He nears the homestead; he dismounts and enters the garden, kept alive by a woman's hand till water ran low; then she forsook it sadly, this one touch of her past now withered and dead. Is there no one here? Is it, too, a scene of tragedy, with human victims? No; and yet tragedy too. To a sharp "Coo-e-e," there comes an answering call, and the manager appears at the door, a bearded, gruff, but kindly soul, and over his shoulder peers the face of a woman, sad and drawn. The great exhaust pipes of nature in that burning land soon take the bloom from the cheek and the light from the eye. A shake of the hand, a "my word" of apostrophic welcome, and the traveller says, "How goes the unlucky game?"

With a swift sigh of relief and a sudden uplifting of the arms, comes the reply: "The last lamb is dead. Thank God, that's off my mind!" And then he said, "Come out and see how things look." Outside he added: "We were just going to plant a Sundowner when you coo-eed. Didn't want to say anything about it before the missus." Then he told the oft-repeated record of a wanderer creeping to the very threshold and safety, and then dying, his hand upon the gate of that little withered garden.

By the grave they stand, the manager with a Bible in his hand, a Book rarely used by him, perhaps, but reverenced after his fashion, and necessary now. He wishes the traveller to "do it over the cold 'un," but the traveller declines. With coarse fingers blundering through the leaves in an uncertain kind of way, the manager began to read at random from Ecclesiastes. A half-dozen verses gruffly fall, and then words come:

"'For what man of all his labor, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath labored under the sun.

"'For all his days are sorrows, and his travail grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This is also vanity.'"

Then he closed the Book, and said: "Well, he was a goner afore he was a corner, and I don't know as there's need to pitch a long yarn. He hadn't much for his labor under the sun, and a hot sun it is up here at 110° in the shade. He came a long way over the country rock. He hadn't a drop in his water bottle, nor a bit of damper in his swag. He'd got his fingers on the slip rails, and was within coo-e-e of drink and tucker, when he went out sudden to the Never-never Land, and went it alone. He couldn't have had much vanity, not with them features; but, my word! the Lord knows all about that. I hope if he gets as near to the homestead gate up there as he did down here last night, though he isn't very fit, one of the hands will see him and open it, and let him in, even if it has to be on the sly. It was at night he got here, and in the morning we found him; it's at night we cover him, and rest or no rest, he'll not have to work in the morning. There isn't a place that's hotter than here, and *this* one ain't sent to that quod for punishment. Let him down easy and slow. . . . Drop in his shiralee and water bag by him. . . . That's right. Scatter some sandal leaves over his face. . . . Now scrape in the country sand. . . . The dingoes can't touch him there. . . . What's that you've put on the board, Jim? 'A Sundowner: Gone.' And God forgive him wherever he's gone. . . . 'In the midst of life we are in death.' Amen." And another of several such tragedies that the traveller saw was hidden away, a nameless refugee of misfortune in a nameless grave.—[Harper's Weekly.

Clothes do not make the man, but the gay youth frequently owes a good deal to his tailor.

"Dear me!" said old Mr. Hogge, hesitatingly; "I know I've forgotten something, but, for the life of me, I can't remember what it is."

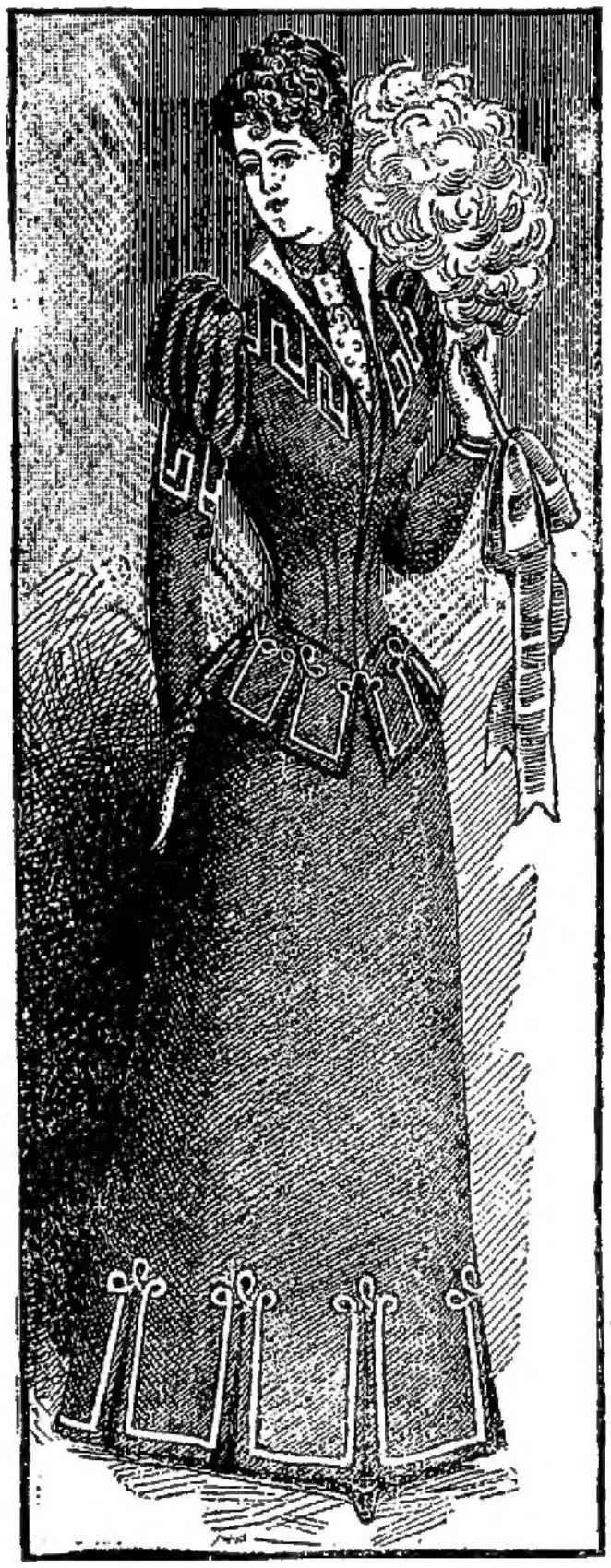

FIG. 31—No. 4985.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3¾ yards; 32 inches, 4 yards; 34 36 inches, 4¼ yards; 38 inches, 4½ yards; 40 inches, 4¾ yards; 42, 44 inches, 5 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1⅞ yards; 32 inches, 2 yards; 34, 36 inches, 2⅛ yards; 38 inches, 2¼ yards; 40 inches, 2⅜ yards; 42, 44 inches, 2½ yards.

For each size, ⅜ of a yard of silk for lining the collar and one piece of soutache braid will be required. This design is suitable for camel's-hair, cashmere, chevron, cheviot, or cloth.

No. 4981—LADIES' WALKING SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 22 inches, 8½ yards; 24, 26 inches, 9 yards; 28, 30, 32 inches, 9½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 22 inches, 4¼ yards; 24, 26 inches, 4½ yards; 28, 30, 32 inches, 4¾ yards.

For the medium size, 9½ yards of braid or 6¾ yards of ribbon velvet will be required. Cheviot, tweed, camel's-hair, Bedford cord, and all woolen materials are suitable for this design.

FIG. 31.—The lady's basque here in show is made from Pattern 4985, price 25 cents; is of the newest mode, and of what is called the Louis-Treize style, having the battlement squares on the sides, high puff ceasing abruptly on the centre of the upper arm, and pointed waist seen in the pictures of that reign, to which is added a flaring collar parted at sides to display a tie below a close round collar. The low portion of the sleeves is tight. The side-pieces showing the [illegible] alluded to above, are one of the most recent and most picturesque of present effects. The fabrics most used for such a basque just now are silk, plain or figured, and including foulards and fine cloth, especially camel's hair, as well as grenadine, barege and lawn. The lady's walking skirt seen in the same figure is made from Pattern 4981, price 30 cents, of the clinging style, in which many of the most novel skirts are made. It shows, in the picture, a use of the battlement squares, as trimming, which is one of the most approved of the season's effects of garniture, giving, as it does, a novel and elegant finish to the lower portion of a walking suit. The fabrics suitable are all the woolens of fine quality, the new silks and grenadines, bareges, batistes and lawns. The ease with which this model is made up, and the sureness of fit, as well as the neat compact effect when worn, recommend it at a glance.

How She Lost Her Lover.

'Twas a summer ago when he left me here,
A summer of smiles with never a tear,
Till I said to him with a sob, My Dear:
Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

For I loved him, oh, as the stars love night!
And my cheeks for him flashed red and white
When he first called me his heart's delight:
Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

The touch of his hand was a thing divine,
As he sat with me in the soft moonshine
And drank of my love as men drink wine:
Good-bye my lover; good-bye!

And never a night as I knelt in prayer,
In a gown as white as our own souls were,
But in fancy he came and kissed me here:
Good-bye, my loveer; good-bye!

But now, O God! what an empty place
My whole heart is! Of the old embrace
And the kiss I loved, there is not a trace:
Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

He sailed not over the stormy sea,
And he went not down in the waves, not he;
But oh, he is lost, for he married me:
Good-bye my lover; good-bye!

FIG. 33.—No. 5002.—LADIES' BASQUINE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30 inches, 4½ yards; 32, 34 inches, 4¾ yards; 36 inches, 5 yards; 38, 40 inches, 5¼ yards.

Quantiy of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 2¼ yards; 32, 34 inches, 23 yards; 36 inches, 2½ yards; 38, 40 inches, 2⅝ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 2¼ yards of 42-inch material, ⅜ of a yard of silk for plastron, and 4¼ yards of gimp will be required.

No. 4984.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 22, 24, 26 inches, 10 yards; 28, 30, 32 inches, 10½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 22, 24, 26 inches, 5 yards; 28, 30, 32 inches, 5¼ yards.

For the medium size, 1⅝ yards of 4-inch ribbon velvet and 1⅝ yards of gimp will be required. This design is adapted for Bengaline, cheviot, chevron, ladies' cloth or camel's-hair.

Fig. 33.—This charming costume shows two patterns. Pattern 5002; price 25 cents, is the lady's basquine of the latest fashion, and has a high, round collar, full plastron, a high sleeve, tight below puffing, and very long side-pieces. It is at once easy to make, and stylish in effect, besides being well adopted to the new fabrics of various kinds of the season. Stripes, with a slight use of matching silk cord passementerie, are perhaps the prettiest, just now, for such a basquine, as they are very fashionable and are a favorite design in the new summer silks, cheviots, and ginghams, as well as the new light camel's-hair cloth. The lady's trimmed skirt in the same figure is made from Pattern 4984, price 30 cents, and is one of the newest of the season. It is disposed in a central fold, bringing, as shown in the figure, the stripes of the fabric used into a closer effect. The sides are clinging, and the back has all its fullness in the middle folds. The fabrics used are all the new materials in silk, cotton, and woolen, including the stylish ginghams with a lace stripe, which are so effective as to be worn fashionably for such skirts, and the foulards, summer silks, batistes, and lawns.

To My Husband.

Ah, dear one! if you only knew,
How anxiously we wait for you,
How all the day
While you're away,
Our hearts with tender love are thrilled.
How oft' we draw the picture bright—
The circle round the fire at night,
Whehyou, your vacant place have filled.

Ah, dear one! if you only knew,
How anxiously we wait for you,
The babes and I,
And how we try
To make our home the brightest place,
That when to us at night you come
In from the city's busy hum,
A happy smile may wreath your face.

Ah, dear one! if you only knew,
Our threads of life are held by you,
How all the day
Alone we stay,
While you gain impulse from afar.
Open to you, the world's great fight,
Ready to climb Parnassus' height—
Burdened by homely cares we are.

Then, dear one, when you come to-night,
Bring home a loving face and bright;
Bring hope, and praise,
Our courage raise,
Ah, let the babies find in you
A loving friend, their joys to share;
A helpful friend, to lift each care,
And let me find a helpmate true.

War preparations are being zealously forwarded in Russia, while the strength of the army is being rapidly increased, while large bodies of troops are being massed on the Austrian frontier.

Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

MAY, 1891.

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OUR PATTERNS.

Any pattern illustrated in these pages can be obtained by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Always remit price of pattern with order

REVIEW OF FASHION.

PRESENT FANCIES.

The conspicuous features of present shapes are the lengthening of the waists, the lengthening of the skirts, the long hip-pieces, the flattening down in some cases of the puff on the sleeve and its exaggerated height on the other hand, the clinging effect of many of the skirts, the continued use of side-fastening bodices, but not to the exclusion of, or interference with, the central-fastening waist, and the sustained favoritism of the flaring collar, an adjunct of which the style renders it equally useful for cold or warm weather.

Add to this an extreme lengthening of the cuff, till its gauntlet effect or extended frilling brings it down to almost cover the hand—an effect in perfect harmony with the flaring collar and high sleeve—and you have, except as regards a few minor matters of which this article will also treat, the entire programme of dress effects as now about to be seen and already adopted.

NOVEL EFFECTS.

One of these is in a deep coat shape as to the back alone, the waist in front having an invisible side fastening, a high collar flaring at the top but clinging to the throat below this flare, and sleeves which diminish toward the wrist and show a row of flat pleats held down by stitching above the elbow, this fullness being gathered into the long cuff below. The skirt parts in front over a second fabric, and this effect is repeated at the back. The hem is notched. There are four breadths, all straight.

WAISTS.

While in the description of street costumes and other dresses there will be mention in this number of many and varied styles of waists, a few may be cited here which offer certain features, the mention of which will be of service to ladies who are making up their summer outfit. The silk or sateen lining being retained, cotton dresses display lace trimmings, velvet ribbon, watered silks, and full jabots of crinkled or plain muslin of the thinnest kind. A fitted coat is seen in some such dresses and having sides which are extended to nine or ten inches below the waist-line and are square both front and back. Then again, cotton dresses will show the waist belted and unlined, the sides below the waist-line consisting of a deep piece of pleating attached either to the waist itself or to a belt. A great many yoke-waists are seen in these summer fabrics; and with these the material is often carried up above the yoke in a point, or the yoke will run down into the low-set point. The pleated sides will often show a ruffle below the pleating, while, in lawn especially, full waists are gathered on cords and garnished with a turned-over collar or have none at all. Silk waists often have a coat-piece of eleven or twelve inches in depth and are belted in. There is a wide

FIG. 56.—No. 4992.—MISSES' COSTUME. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 10 years, 2⅞ yards; 11 years, 3 yards; 12 years, 3¼ yards; 13 years, 3½ yards; 14 years, 4 yards; 15 years, 4½ yards; 16 years, 4⅝ yards.

Quantity of silk (27 inches wide) for blouse 10 years, 2⅞ yards; 11 years, 2¾ yards; 12 years, 2¾ yards; 13 years, 2⅞ yards; 14 years, 3 yards; 15 years, 3⅛ yards; 16 years, 3¼ yards.

For the medium size, 4½ yards of gimp and 3 yards of ribbon will be required.

FIG. 56.—The miss's costume herein displayed is of the very latest style, and is made from Pattern 4992, price 25 cents, and shows a shirt waist of striped linen or silk with pagoda sleeves, and deep cuff, beneath jacket fronts with very deep, square sides, which are fitted over the hips in a remarkably graceful manner. The jacket is sleeveless, and above it the collar of the skirt-waist is seen. This waist is belted in above a skirt in full gathers, having a deep hem. The whole costume is of decided style, yet of girlish simplicity, and is of easy make. The materials suitable to this model are all the woolens, wash silks, muslins, grenadines, barèges, lawns, batistes, and ginghams now shown, and, in the striped ginghams showing a lace-effect, it will be found to be very satisfactory.

back, bias sleeves and either no collar or a flat one. The fronts fall open in a jacket shape over a waist, in some examples, made like that of a shirt and having a wide belt pointed up and down. With such a top the collar is usually standing. Cheviots show long coat-tops with deep coat-sides and are single or double breasted over a shirt-waist or a vest made like a gentleman's waistcoat. A very novel coat has such a waistcoat associated with deep "coat-skirt" sides, and this is simply crossed by a wide, straight belt fastened by thongs such as have been already described by us in other numbers. The curious feature of a jabot displayed both front and back and running to the belt-line will be found in the newest summer dresses. Revers are seen on beige and cheviot as well as other light woolens, and the single-breasted coat-top on which they are displayed is open so as to show a low-cut vest, often of velvet matching the revers. The ends of the coat are so long at the back as to touch the hem of the skirt which is plain, and the sides which are shorter. The collar is high above a low collar of velvet. The sleeves are not very full, and on such woolens often have small buttons in rows of six, eight, ten, or twelve on the inside seam, and three or four on the cuff. The bodice shows larger buttons on each side of the closed portion of the front.

SKIRTS.

Skirts are longer on all the dresses except the mountain dresses worn over knickerbockers and which will be extensively used by ladies going about to continue the physical culture begun at gymnasiums and clubs in the winter. The bias skirt in four straight breadths, a wide-hemmed skirt turned up on the outside and piped and with a foundation skirt beneath are both worn, as well as a straight or nearly straight and simply hemmed skirt which measures three yards and a half or four yards at the foot, and is somewhat sloped at the top of the breadth seen in front. The plain effect is to a certain extent lessened by an extending of the width at the foot, and by making the pleats fuller at the top. A skirt will have three front breadths slightly gored. These are draped in pleats on each side, and have a couple of darts on each side. A few shallow folds of silk garnish the foot, and the back breadths show a pleating or gathering all of which is closely drawn together in the middle of the back. More will be found relating to skirts in descriptions of costumes and toilettes in this number.

SLEEVES.

There is less variety in sleeves than might be supposed in view of the fact that other adjuncts have varied of late, and although an immense variety of fabrics will be seen in the contrasting effect with that of the rest of the dress—as, for example, piece-lace, net, silk, gauze, muslin, and two thin fabrics in the top and cuff of the same sleeve, thus adding a third to the summer material in the remainder of the toilette or costume—this seeming variety is in the fabric and not in the shape. But there is some variety even here, such as shows itself in the long flat pleats running all along the arm, the flattening down or much increased bunching up of the top, the extending of the cuffs elsewhere alluded to in this article and which, just now, seems to aim at hiding the whole hand, the extensive use of buttons, the having, as seen in some imported dresses, the outside of the sleeve in one fabric, and the inside half of another, and, in some examples, the puffing all along the arm, and diminishing only at the wrist where it becomes close shirring. A sleeve with a straight top shows, in an imported dress, a bulging puff at the elbow, and a smaller one at the wrist in a style called Queen-Claude. The pagoda sleeve continues to be immensely liked, and its coolness, comfortableness, and pretty effect have established it for the summer, while the sleeve close on the forearm is not showin any decline of favor.

A remarkably pretty sleeve is shirred all along the arm below an immensely high puff on the shoulders, and has a shallow loose puff falling over the hands so as to conceal the knuckles entirely.

The Largest Sailing Ship.

What is said to be the largest sailing sh in the world was launched from the yard of Messrs D. & W. Henderson & Co., at Patrick-on-the-Clyde, a few weeks ago. The vessel is also remarkable as being a five-master. This vessel, named the France, is for the fleet of MM. Ant, Bordes et Cie, of Bordeaux, who have been noted for their enterprise in ordering vessels of large dimensions The France is 360 feet long, 48 feet nine inches broad and 30 feet deep. Her gross tonnage will be about 3750, and the dead weight carrying capacity 6150 tons. The vessel is fitted with a double bottom, with capacity for 1000 tons water ballast, while amidships there are several watertight compartments for 1200 tons of water. The cubic capacity of these compartments, eight in number, is 42,630 feet. They can carry 1200 tons of water ballast or cargo when the ship is laden, and efficient pumping arrangements are provided.

The mizzenmast is a single piece 140 eet in length. The lower and topmasts in the other cases are also each in a single piece, and the lengths above deck vary from 159 to 168 feet. The diameters vary from 17 to 30 inches, that of the topgallant masts from 10 to 16 inches. The length of the lower yards is 82 feet, of the upper yards 75 to 77 feet, the topgallant yards 58 to 64 feet, and of the royal yards 37 feet. The bowsprit is 50 feet long and from 12 to 30 inches in diameter.

Wire rigging has been adopted. The loading and discharging arrangements are very complete. Large steam winches, by Sartre, of Bordeaux, have been fitted at the hatches, which are six in number. These are supplemented by powerful hand winches, and a large number of the usual gins, tubs, slings, chain, etc. The Deauville portable railway, with trucks, is also being supplied for loading and discharging.

The vessel will be principally engaged in the nitrate trade. In order to preserve the nitrate solution, which is formed in large quantities and which is usually discharged overboard, tanks are fitted in the hold, thus insuring the shippers against loss resulting from waste. The steam for the winches and for Napier's steam windless (which is fitted on the main deck forward) is supplied by two steel tubular boilers 9 x 6 feet, which are fitted in a deckhouse amidships.

Besides six boats the vessel will carry a steam launch. The poop is fitted up as a handsome saloon, containing accommodations for captain, officers and a limited number of passengers. The crew are berthed in a large deckhouse abaft the foremast, and the petty officers' and apprentices' berths and messroom are in the deckhouse aft of the same. In the forecastle a large, airy room is set apart as the hospital

Some Home Pictures.

"Tommy, you have disobeyed me, and I am going to punish you, so walk right into this dark closet!"

The voice was cold and stern, and the manner was equally unyielding. Tommy, crying and struggling with all his might, was pushed and dragged into the closet, which was certainly dark enough for practical purposes, and the key was turned in the lock.

"Mamma, it's so dark! I'm afraid. Please let me out!" pleaded the abject Tommy. But he was not yet subdued. The mother, stealing noiselessly up to the door, groaned in a most horrible manner, and rattled a piece of chain.

"Oh, mamma," shrieked the frightened child, "please let me out! I'll never be bad any more!"

Then the door was opened and the little prisoner came out, white-faced and wild-eyed.

This was Tommy's first lesson.

"Here, Tommy, dear; take this nice medicine the doctor left for you. Come, now, open your mouth, pet, and take your good medicine."

"I thought you said it was good!" shrieked Tommy, when he had gulped down the nauseous mixture.

"So it is, dear—good for a sick boy," was the calm reply, as the mother put away the spoon and bottle.

That was Tommy's second lesson.

Tommy had been standing at the gate for more than an hour, watching for his mother. The day was cold and the wind blew upon him mercilessly, but still he waited, his eager little face pressed against the bars of the gate. At last he saw her coming, away down the street, and then how he went rushing out to meet her, his cheeks glowing and his eyes shining.

"Give it to me, mamma! Oh, give it to me," he cried, holding up both hands.

"Give you what, Tommy?" asked the mother, pushing past him.

"Why, my candy, mamma! The candy you promised to get me."

"I forgot it, Tommy. You'll have to do without this evening."

"But, mamma, you promised it," cried Tommy, in the midst of copious tears, as though that was reason enough.

"But didn't you hear me say I forgot it?" asked the mother, as though that, also, were reason enough. And then Tommy was sent to bed supperless because he cried.

There were several lessons for Tommy in this—I really can not tell how many.

"Mary," said Tommy's father one day in a grieved voice, "how does it come that Tommy is growing to be such a coward? I wanted to send him up-stairs after my slippers last night, and nothing could induce him to go because it was dark. The idea of a boy being afraid of the dark! He's going to be a perfect milksop—and I was so anxious for him to be a fearless, manly boy."

And then the mother said she couldn't account for it any way in the world. She was sure there had never been any cowardice in her family. She had never dreamed of such a thing as being afraid in the dark when she was a child, and it was a mystery to her how Tommy got such notions into his head.

"Mary," said Tommy's father again, a few days later, "twice lately I have caught Tommy in a deliberate lie, and I have suspected him of lying half a dozen times in as many days. Now, lying is one thing I positively can't stand. I have tried so hard to teach the boy to be perfectly frank and honest and to tell the truth at whatever risk."

And Tommy's mother said that she really couldn't understand it, that Tommy's training had been of the most careful kind; but she thought Tommy must have learned to tell falsehoods from that last servant-girl. As for herself, she had never told a lie in her life.

Whereupon Tommy was called up and was lectured and talked to and talked at until his brain was in a whirl. He did not say anything in his own defense. He might have said a great deal, but he was no orator, and besides he did not understand the whole situation himself. Even if he did understand it all it would not have been very polite, would it, for Tommy to say that his first lessons in cowardice, and meanness, and selfishness, and falsehood, and deceit, were taught him by his mother?

The above is merely a little series of pictures. They were not taken with a kodak, but the camera was a very good one and has taken a vast number of such pictures. Have you ever seen anything like them?

The Italian customs receipts for March show a reduction of $9,000,000 compared with the same month in 1890.

The Refined Woman.

The quality of refinement, who can depict or analyze it? That it is a subtle essence, a charming characteristic, every one admits, but of just what it consists it is hard to tell, and nowhere does it show itself more clearly than in the adornment of the person. The woman next you on the ferryboat may be even more richly dressed than the one opposite, and yet—well, there is a something hard to define, which, however, reveals it, self at once in the ends of the fingers of the gloves, in the way the bonnet strings are pinned, in the jewelry displayed, in the white gleam of the pocket handkerchief and the perfume wafted from it. It is one of woman's most delightful charms, as powerful in the case of the poor working woman striving to live on a mere pittance, as in case of the one surrounded by luxury. It is a quality of force and power that often in the world's history has enabled its possessor to influence kings and potentates, and to-day the influence of refinement is just as marked as in the past.

The refined woman never allows herself to become a "dowdy" at home, knowing that her reign over her subjects would thus be greatly weakened. Her house dress is of much importance, if not more, than any other. Neither does she appear at her place at the table with her hair done up in curl papers.

The refined woman, when on a shopping expedition, does not go bareheaded and carrying her gloves wrinkled and twisted in her sweaty hands, as many will be seen doing every day on the horse cars. For shopping it is best to wear the loose gloves, which can be bought for the purpose, large enough to pull off and on easily in order to test the quality of the materials looked at with the bare fingers.

In spite of the fact that it is very fashionable to load three fingers of each hand with many rings, the refined woman cannot bring herself to do this, but will wear, perhaps, three or four elegant ones.

The refined woman, while she wishes to look as young as is consistent with her personal appearance, does not exaggerate the same by too youthful colors or too gay garments. She is neither slack nor careless in the arrangement of details, does not use pins where pins are out of place. She dresses herself before she leaves the house and does not need to inquire every few minutes of her companion if her bonnet is on straight, or how her back hair looks, or if her torn drapery shows. She has taken time to make her toilet and has seen to all these little things before starting out. She looks neat, but not so "set" as to be called old maidish. She is dressed perhaps elegantly, but not extravagantly. [Brooklyn Eagle.

A Word of Warning to Pretty Women.

The woman who is pretty is far too liable to think that that is enough; she will conquer her kingdom by means of it, and when the day of reckoning, the day of fading comes the kingdom will already be hers by right of possession. Indeed, she does not consider the day of fading; it is something as difficult for her to realize as death itself is to the young; it is far off, vague, all but impossible. How is she ever going to look other than she does now and still be herself?

The pretty woman makes no preparation for the impending fate which is sure to come to her if she lives long enough; she relies on her fair face, her blushes, her dimples, her radiance, her smiles, her glances, her sweetness. To please, to attract, to marry, to marry well, is the mark she has set before her.

Nor is great intellectual cultivation in the scheme of our pretty woman's life; according to her plan of action it is entirely unnecessary. Who cares for syllogisms, lectures, instructions? she unconsciously argues from rosy lips. Who will stop to ask if the bright eyes have dulled themselves over dry pages of scholastic lore?

What, then, has our pretty creature left for the dim passages of middle age, when beauty has fallen away, albeit there still is left the desire to hold captive what once beauty gained?

Let the pretty girl remember that in the darkness of that middle passage the beauty that she had before she entered it will not signify: all faces are in the dark together then, the girl that was plain with the girl that was beautiful; the wreck of beauty signifies then no more than the wreck of what never was beauty. It is the sweet voice, the kindly manner, the burden of what is said, the tender-heartedness of what is done, that tells with any effect then.

It will not be long before she arrives at this time, which, in comparison to the blaze of youth, neighbors close on the dark; and she will need them all with which she can have filled her intellect and fed her soul, all that wit and virtue and breeding can have given her, in order to retain anything of that kingdom to which in the early days she felt herself born by right divine. —[Harper's Bazar.

Wives Show This to Husbands.

A sunshiny husband makes a merry, beautiful home, worth having, worth working for. If a man is breezy, cheery, considerate and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her puddings and mending basket, counts the hours till he returns at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration. You may think it weak or childish, if you please, but it is the admired wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles of commendation, who is capable, discreet, and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, self-distrusting little body fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood, under the tonic and the cordial of companionship with a husband who really went out of his way to find occasion for showing her how fully he trusted her judgment, and how tenderly he deferred to her opinion. In home life there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogatives, or division of interest. The husband and the wife are each the complement of the other. And it is just as much his duty to be cheerful as it is hers to be patient; his right to bring joy into the door as it is hers to sweep and garnish the pleasant interior. A family where the daily walk of the father makes life a festival is filled with something like heavenly benediction.

Guidance for our Daughters.

There is no prayer more needed than "Guide me, oh Thou Great Jehovah!" How little, I fear, do our girls think and pray to be directed in regard to the future companions of their lives.

I can look back to a time in my girlhood when I came so near marrying a very worldly man, and I have often thought what would have been my life—to say nothing of my eternal destiny—had I gone that way. But I prayed, "Guide me,"—though I was a thoughtless Christian girl. Yet I did, in a very simple way, ask God to keep me from marrying the wrong person. And God heard my prayer. And I want to tell you, dear Daughters, for I think I shall tell you secrets as we are all by ourselves, the one prayer of my life has been "Guide me."

I always led in song at our family altar—and many a time as I have taken my accustomed seat at the instrument, and have said, "Boys, what shall we sing?" (I have four boys; they have all grown into men) the answer so often was: "Well, mother I suppose you want to sing, "Guide me'" And I did need the song in the morning, oh! so often.

A Peculiar Marriage Mix.

I got acquainted with a young widow, observes a recent writer, who lived with her step-daughter in the same house. I married the widow. Shortly afterward, my father fell in love with the step-daughter of my wife and married her. My wife became the mother-in-law and also the daughter-in-law of my own father; my wife's step-daughter is my step-mother, who is the step-daughter of my wife. My father's wife has a boy; he is naturally my step-brother, because he is the son of my father and of my step-mother; but because he is the son of my wife's step-daughter, so is my wife the grandmother of the little boy, and I am the grandfather of my step-brother. My wife also has a boy; my step-mother is consequently the step-sister of my boy, and is also his grandmother, because he is the child of her step-son; and my father is the brother-in-law of my son, because he has got his step-sister for a wife. I am the brother-in-law of my mother, my wife is the aunt of her own son, my son is the grandson of my father, and I am my own grandfather.

Investigation into the records of the eleven victims of the New Orleans massacre has brought to light the fact that all but four of them were registered voters and citizens either by birth or naturalization. Of the four one was once a Sicilian robber, and found to have been a voter in the parish of St. Charles; one was a fugitive murderer from Palermo, and a former member of a band of highwaymen; another fled from Palermo charged with murdering a female, and of the fourth no one seems to know anything.

Girls and the Stage.

I have had a great many letters from among my girls, asking me my opinion of their going on the stage. It becomes one of the most difficult to answer. There are good, honest, noble, God-fearing people on the stage; the theatre may be the mass of people a great school for morals; but to the one girl standing in the ranks waiting to work her way forward, it is a working-ground where temptation is on every side. If she is strong enough to resist this, then let her go ahead. If she be one of the weaker sisters, then let her think many times before she puts herself in a position that will certainly entail a great deal of watchfulness and hard work.

The life of the actress is as full of hard work as is that of the girl who stands behind the counter or the one who is mistress of the telegraph key. Do not imagine that the gold glittering on the gown of the beautiful adventuress is a symbol of the golden life she leads, and do not believe that the simpering *ingenue* who wonders with a smile "how any lady ever does any work," is not just as full of study and absolute physical work as is that of most other women. She works till late at night, consequently she must sleep a little in the morning. She gets up then and goes to a long and tiresome rehearsal, then only has time to get a bite, and half-an-hour's sleep or reading before she starts again for the theatre. But you think there are others who do not work in this way. Yes, yes! But they are the ones that you do not want to imitate. Mrs. Kendal has said that for the woman who has some talent, and who is willing to work and wait, there is success on the stage, and it pays better than almost any other profession; but during the waiting years there must be a constant watch kept, so that scandal does not touch with its burning tongue the woman who is working for success.

So think it out well for yourself; conclude whether you not only have a heart to resolve, a head to contrive and a hand to execute, but whether you really have the talent that must belong to the actress. The world is all a stage and the men and women merely players, but you may be cast for the happy wife and mother. So don't make the mistake, if you are a round peg, of getting into a square hole.—Ruth Ashmore, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Her Farewell to France.

From the French of Beranger.

Farewell, Oh, Sunny land of France,
The mist of tears bedims my eye;
Cradle of my joyous infancy,
Farewell, to leave thee is to die.

Thou land to my sad heart so dear,
I leave thy shore, an exile lone.
Let heart-wrung sigh, and falling tear
For all my faults to thee atone.
The winds arise, I quit thy shore,
Nor sobs, nor tears avail for me.
The waves assenting, bear me o'er,
To Scotland and away from thee.

Farewell, Oh, Sunny land of France,
The mist of tears bedims my eye;
Cradle of my joyous infancy,
Farewell, to leave thee is to die.

Thy people's chivalrous acclaim,
When, crowned, I wore thy Fluor-de-lis,
Applauded less my royal name,
Than charms that youth had lent to me.
Dunedin's halls in courtly sheen,
In regal splendor decked shall be
In vain; my hope in life had been
To reign, dear France, a queen in thee.

Farewell, Oh, Sunny land of France,
The mist of tears bedims my eye;
Cradle of my joyous infancy,
Farewell, to leave thee is to die.

The light of genius, love and fame,
Upon my youth too brightly shone.
The spell that fate wove round my name
Shall soon, alas, too soon be gone.
A presage of impending doom
That fills my heart with boding fear,
Comes on the wings of gathering gloom,—
A scaffold rises dark and drear.

Farewell, Oh, Sunny land of France,
The mist of tears bedims my eye;
Cradle of my joyous infancy,
Farewell, to leave thee is to die.

Farewell, when 'mid alarms and fears,
The daughter of Lorraine shall be,
As in this day, that sees her tears,
Her eyes, her heart shall turn to thee.
Oh, God, already wafted far,
The vessel floats 'neath other skies,
And darkness hides the sinking star
Of hope, no more for me to rise.

Farewell, Oh, Sunny land of France,
The mist of tears bedims my eye;
Cradle of my joyous infancy,
Farewell, to leave thee is to die.

COLUMBA.

When the carpet has been soiled by ink, instantly apply blotting-paper, then milk, then blotting-paper, and so on until the spot is out, as it will be. Don't rub.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STOCKING DARNING.

BY A. M. BELLIER.

Stocking-darning has both a science and a history. Of the science I shall not treat, because most darners believe that they have sufficient practical acquaintance with the art to serve their purpose. And employers of darners are more interested in the results than in the process; or, rather, it is the absence of result that chiefly concerns them. For if the lords of the creation find a well-darned supply of hose to meet their oft-recurring needs, they accept it, like we accept too many of our common blessings, as a mere matter of course.

Nor shall I explore the history of darning, for its records are scanty, and we are not wholly past the Primitive Age, as the lone bachelor at the mercy of washerwomen can testify. And though the distance is very great between the coarse efforts he deplores, and the prize specimens shown to the School Board inspector, or the delicate repairs on a silken stocking that every lady can achieve, it is to be hoped that the art is still far from perfection, and that future generations may discover less tedious modes of darning the more durable stocking which I trust will fall to their lot.

There are other, more interesting aspects under which we may consider stocking-darning. It has been chosen as the type of minor domestic duties. If a lady, especially a married lady, takes an active interest in public affairs—if she speaks on a platform or agitates for votes—certain circles in society begin to talk darkly about "neglected stockings." We must all of us, at one time or another, when women's rights were discussed, have heard some impassioned orator hold up for scorn and ridicule "the woman who cannot boil a potato, or darn a stocking."

If a woman, again, has a reputation for learning, slander asserts that her stockings are in holes. This is especially the case when she has the temerity to study any of the dead languages. No woman will do that, if she wishes to be thought a notable housekeeper. She may learn French, she may study music, or singing, or painting for years, with no serious result. But once let her begin Latin or Greek (one hardly dare mention Hebrew), and her competence to darn will be held in doubt. "Look at her stocking-heels," is a Yorkshire proverb often quoted in this connection.

Nor can it be denied that there does exist, here and there, a Jellaby among women, just as every now and then one finds a man who has never shown himself capable of earning his daily bread. But the phenomenon is rare. Personally, I have never known any woman who was not alive to the importance of ordinary domestic duties, and I trust I never shall.

It is often said in disparagement of women that they have not originated or invented much. They have not; but it is their devotion to the minor details of life which has set men free to distinguish themselves, and in all men's achievements women have an unacknowledged part.

Home, especially the English home, has inspired volumes of poetry and floods of oratory. It is a subject on which we can all speak from the heart. But when we come to consider any one home in particular, we soon realise how entirely its essential character, its home-likeness, depends on the details of comfort supplied by the women who care for it. The family sense of well-being does not consist in the romantic surroundings, or architectural beauty, or artistic furnishing of a house, so much as in the cleanliness, the order, the serving of the meals, the homely work—in fact, the stocking-darning of the establishment. It is impossible to conceive of *perfect* family love permitting a state of perpetual discomfort, or of mutual affection remaining unruffled and undiminished amid the friction which such a state would occasion. That home only can be serenely happy where the daily homely duties are well done—not intermittently, not in a whirlwind of bewildering activity that scares the male population from the scene, but—I need not say how; I appeal to the inner consciousness of woman. What dignity, what beauty and delight it gives our humblest work to think of it as essential to the peace and comfort of English homes, and as enabling those to labour undisturbed who win our bread, and create our literature, and rule and teach our people!

And verily women need some such consolation. Consider how much of their work perishes in the day that it is done, and has all to be repeated day after day, and then say whether it is matter for great marvel that some of them have been ill-advised enough to talk occasionally about their "narrow sphere." The changes are rung on washing, and ironing, and cleaning, and mending days, while every morning the same familiar objects demand washing or dusting, that have been washed or dusted thousands of times before. Tangible results are not what woman chiefly accomplishes, and she often works long and hard without having "anything to show" in the end. There is poetry in her life, it is true, but there is an enormous amount of prose. And sometimes I wish, when a man expresses horror at some woman's escaping from her house-work to a wider field of action, that he would try a long-continued course of dusting, washing up, and mending stockings, and see if he ever found it at all monotonous.

But the consolation of affording leisure to the great, and comfort to all, is by no means a woman's chief inspiration. There is another she loves and longs for—one she ought always to have, yet often lacks. It is appreciation. The drudgery of household life is glorified by the love that fulfils it for the sake of the love that receives and rewards it. And the mistress who passes over her servants' faithful work in silence, only speaking of the neglected duties; the children who are slow to see where their comfort is studied, and quick to complain if their least exaction is not satisfied; the husbands, sons, and brothers that take all service as their due, and make capital out of a small omission; the being, whoever he or she may be, whose only evidence of being satisfied is the negative one of *not* complaining, deserves a life of unmitigated stocking-darning. There are too many people who, like the kitten in Mrs. Gatty's Parable, never "purr when they are pleased." The reader will remember how this misguided kitten gave so much dissatisfaction, and missed so much comfort out of life, that at last he strove to conquer his reticence. He choked a little to begin with, but was finally rewarded by a permanently brightened existence. To receive kindness with grace, is an art that needs and repays cultivation.

It must be borne in mind, however, that we all, though working cheerfully for the most appreciative of mankind, shall yet do much work for which no one is ever the wiser. Stocking-darning is a fit emblem of obscure work. It is tedious, it is slow, it is not showy, and thus it becomes a test of conscientiousness. If there is a great heap of stockings, and if they are to go on heedless feet, how great the temptation to cobble! What patience, what principle is required to produce regular, even darns! How true a picture this is of much of our daily work; of the tiresome job that could so easily be scamped, and no one apparently be the worse for it! But second thoughts come to the rescue, and we know that our work, though done in solitude, and hidden in corners, will harm at least ourselves if not faithfully performed. If any one allows himself to bungle the work that does not show, and only takes pains with that for which he can get credit, alas for the work and the workman too! Alas for his self-respect! Alas for the canker that has begun to eat into his life!

But this point needs guarding. There is a difference between honest work and *fadding*, and there is such a thing as going on after we have done. There is a stage in the history of every stocking when further labour spent on it is wasted; and it needs judgment to strike the balance aright between economy of stocking and economy of time. Women are peculiarly liable to spend overmuch strength and sweetness in fads. Housekeeping possesses a potent spell that has sometimes charmed them into living more for their furniture than for their families; into taking unto themselves more and yet more goods to protect, dust, and arrange, till life becomes one mere round of housekeeping; as if houses were more than souls, and furniture than hearts. Too much stocking-darning is a more common evil than too little, and while proper attention to it, with all it represents, is as essential to most women's lives as having dinner and tea, on the other hand, if it is not kept in its proper place—if she allows herself to be always talking and thinking darning, so that the magic beauty of spring only inspires her with the desire to "clean down," and the glory of autumn suggests nothing more than winter jackets and petticoats—she will become more and more uninteresting to herself and every one else.

A large block of wooden buildings in the Chinatown of Victoria, B. C., has been burned by order the city council to make room for a new public market. It was deemed advisable to get rid of the old rookeries in this way instead instead of by removal, so as to avoid all danger of sickness. The Chinese theatre was among the buildings burned.

Good Hints for Brides.

From time immemorial the bride's gown has been white; and if one could only have a simple muslin frock it seems as if it ought to be of that pure tone, because her own heart is thought to be as clean and white as is her gown. The white gown and the orange blossoms are the privilege of the bride, and even if she has to economize and give up another gown I can quite appreciate the feelings of the girl who insists on the white satin, the blossoms and the tulle veil. She can never wear this costume but once in her life, for after she has become a wife, roses must take the place of the orange blossoms and the tulle veil is never again assumed. Heavy white-corded silk, white velvet, white brocade, white mousseline de soie are all shown for the bride's gown; but the real wedding material is white satin. True, it grows yellow with age, as does ivory, but if love is young in the heart there will be the same delight in looking at the folds in the wedding-gown that there is in recalling the wedding day.

A widow who is being married for the second time, may wear any color she wishes, if she is in travelling costume; but in full dress, she must have either pale gray or mauve; or, if she prefers, some other becoming color, but never white; nor should she wear orange blossoms. Roses, daisies, or whatever flower is suited to the shade of her frock, are proper; but the white, sweet smelling blossom belongs entirely to the young girl.

Somebody asks how to arrange a veil and how far it should extend. You cannot buy a veil by the yard; that is to say, you cannot tell how much you need; the proper way is to have the storekeeper send a piece of tulle and then drape it on the bride's head. It should fall well over her train though not beyond it, and should reach the edge of her skirt in front. The orange blossoms are put on so that they are only visible after the veil is thrown back, which ceremony should be performed by two of the bridesmaids when the newly made husband leans forward to kiss the bride.

In all large cities there are hair-dressers who make a business of arranging bride's veils, but in smaller ones these helpful people are not always to be found; so just remember in putting it on that while it is light as air it still must be firmly pinned in position, and the orange blossoms well in place, so that when the front part is thrown back they will present a perfectly well arranged appearance.

If one wished, tulle could be substituted for the pearl decoration on the costume pictured, and it would, of course, make it much less expensive. By-the-bye, it should always be remembered that no matter how beautiful the neck and arms of a bride are she is sinning against good form who does not have a high-neck and long-sleeved bodice, for it must be remembered that she is not going to a dance or a reception, but to a religious ceremony that means the joy or misery of her future life, and, while everything may be as merry as a marriage bell, in the bride's frock there should be an expression of her knowledge of that which she was undertaking.

A Thoughtful Wife.

On the first night out, just as my *vis-a-vis* at table was sitting down to dinner in the beautiful saloon of the *City of New York*, a steward stepped up to him and handed him a letter, saying: "With the captain's compliments, sir." Every night this performance was repeated. Sometimes the captain himself presented the letter. It was mysterious and interesting. The gentleman who received the letter seemed to be much astonished when it came to him on the first occasion, but afterward he merely showed enjoyment on reading its contents. He was a very delightful man, and a great favorite at our table; but, though everybody was dying to know where the letter came from, nobody had enough impudence to ask him. But on the day before we reached New York I happened to be standing on the companion-way with this gentleman, when the captain presented the letter, and the former said, as he tore open the envelope:

"Queer idea of my wife's isn't it? She sent the captain seven letters addressed to me, and asked him to deliver one to me every evening before dinner. She thought I would be glad to hear from her every day; and I tell you it has been one of the pleasantest events of the voyage, this mail delivery in mid-ocean."

Railway carriages were in the first instance intended for well-to do people; they were even designed and painted outwardly in imitation of the rival coach.

Long Engagements.

Owing to the complications of modern life and the large increase in the list of creature comforts which polite people have come to regard as necessaries, marriage has become a vastly more serious undertaking than it used to be, and is deferred until a later period of life.

People in cities who have been used to wearing good clothes, and to have servants to wait on them, and to go out of town in Summer, no longer marry when the girl is 18 and the man 22. The man is apt to be nearing 30 before his income will stand the matrimonial strain, and the lady is proportionately experienced. It would not be quite accurate to say that, though it is harder to get married than it was, it is as easy as ever to become engaged. That would not be quite true. The difficulty of getting income enough to marry does defer, and even prevent, a great many betrothals; nevertheless, engagements do often happen when the prospect of marriage is remote, and a reasonable percentage of them last until marriage ends them.

Long engagements are not popular, but enough of them are running to make the behaviour of their beneficiaries a fit subject for comment in the interest of human happiness. All the world loves a lover, but lovers make a serious mistake when they presume too far on the strength of the world's regard for them.

The polite world loves its lovers exactly so long as they are interesting and agreeable.

When they cease to be so its sentiments towards them take the form of anxiety to have them married, which may indeed be so extreme as to result in practical efforts to put them in the way of pairing, but which is more apt to take the form of what is vulgarly known as the cold shoulder.

Lovers who are intelligent and who are disposed to make themselves agreeable ought to be exceptionally charming. They are enveloped in a pleasant blaze of sentiment which makes them interesting. So long as they are nice, all kind people are in a conspiracy to indulge them and make them think that life is lurid with rose tints. Their politeness is the more appreciated because it is thought to involve especial self-sacrifice, and whatever they do for the community's amusement is rated above its ordinary value because they have done it. All the worse, then, when lovers regard themselves as temporarily exempt from the ordinary obligations of politeness, and abandon themselves to spooning and mutual absorption.—[Scribner's Magazine.

How to Preserve the Voice.

How to preserve the voice and keep it presumably fresh is almost like asking how to keep from growing old. Some people grow faster than others because they are imprudent and do not take care of themselves. The voice should not be imposed upon, and instead of growing husky in a decade it should remain comparatively fresh for two and even four decades. Patti's voice is a fine example of one that has never been imposed upon, never been forced to sing six nights in a week and once at a matinee. A grand opera singer should sing only twice a week, perhaps three times if his or her physical condition warrants it. Singers should have plenty of sleep, good appetites, nothing to make them nervous, and, if possible, a more or less phlegmatic disposition. The latter they rarely possess to any great degree. Overwork is death to a voice. A singer will not notice at first the inroads that gradually undermine a voice and leave it an echo of its former sweetness

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The Change in Woman's Dress.

The elaborately-dressed woman, on the street especially, is destigned to be a rarity. Flashy styles will be given over to the marked women who seek for attention—attention so far as the criticisms of their own sex and the sneers of the men are concerned. That the time is ripe for a material change in the fashions is conceded by all women of taste and intelligence. Styles have run to the extreme, until only a little distance remained to the point of the exceedingly ridiculous. The strain on the purse has been severely felt. Changes, and of a radical nature, became so frequent that even the wealthy found difficulty in keeping pace with them. The reaction which has set in is both timely and healthy. Women on every hand are welcoming the dawn of the simple in dress, while man will have extended to him the honor he has always esteemed the greatest could be conferred upon him—to walk the street with a woman in neat, but simple, attire.

More Scientific Discoveries.

The sun and the moon are the only heavenly bodies which exert a perceptible influence upon human affairs, and the influence of the moon, near though she is, is not great, except in the matter of the tides.

In the sun, however, we find the mainspring, so to speak, of every form of earthly activity, all other sources of energy being insignificant compared with the solar heat. To this heat science traces more or less directly, but certainly, all the power of wind and water, of steam and electricity, and even the force of animals. The cessation of sunlight for even a single month would reduce our world to a frozen, inert and lifeless mass. Naturally the study of the sun's radiation has greatly occupied the attention of investigators.

It is reasonable to put first in importance, among the recent advances in solar science, the results obtained by Professor Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in his researches into the total amount of solar energy received by the earth, and the distribution of this energy in the different parts of the spectrum.

The first measures of the quantity of heat received by the earth from the sun were made nearly fifty years ago by Sir John Herschel at the Cape of Good Hope, and almost simultaneously by Pouillet in France. Subsequent observations confirm, substantially, their estimate of the amount of heat which reaches the earth.

But in order to calculate truly the heat really emitted by the sun, we must allow for all that is stopped in passing through the earth's atmosphere. Just here a formidable difficulty is encountered, and an insufficient estimate of the loss was for a long time accepted. Professor Langley detected and pointed out this difficulty, and invented a new and exquisitely sensitive heat-measurer, known as the bolometer, with which he was able to secure the observations needed to correct the error.

By observations made at the sea level, combined with others made upon the summit of Mount Whitney at an elevation of more than fifteen thousand feet, he has proved that the amount of heat absorbed by the air is very much greater than had been supposed, and therefore that our estimate of the total quantity of heat radiated by the sun must be correspondingly increased by fully twenty per cent. at least.

Astonishing as were the former statements respecting the quantity and intensity of the solar heat, they were seriously inadequate; the solar fires are considerably more intense and powerful than we supposed.

The crust of ice which the sun could melt from its own surface in a single minute would be fully sixty feet thick instead of fifty; and if the solar heat were uniformly distributed over the surface of the earth, it would melt in a year a shell of ice one hundred and sixty-four feet thick, instead of one hundred and thirty-six feet thick, as stated in our recent text-books.

Professor Langley's demonstration of the extent of the solar spectrum is hardly less interesting. He has detected in the sun's rays a long range of ether-waves before unknown. Light is composed of minute "waves" or pulsations of extreme rapidity, transmitted to us from the sun, not by air, as sound-waves are, but by the "ether," the subtle substance which seems to fill all space, and constitutes the only medium of communication between the worlds.

The waves by means of which we see, and which we recognize as light, range in length from about one-thirty-five-thousandth part of an inch to one-sixty-thousandth part; but besides them the sunbeams contain others, some of them much longer and some much shorter pulsations, which though invisible, are yet extremely effective in the transportation of energy and heat.

Two or three years ago the greatest length of any heat-waves known was about one-ten-thousandth part of an inch; but Langley has now detected, with his bolometer, waves fully twelve times as long; and these long, slow-swinging waves—slow, that is, in comparison with the shorter ones—are just those that are characteristic of the heat-rays emitted by a body of low temperature, a block of ice, for instance; for cold bodies radiate heat just as really as warmer ones, though less, of course, and the waves are of lower pitch. In the rays of the sun we now detect the whole range of such radiations as fully represented as in the moonlight.

Hardly less important than Professor Langley's results are those which have been attained by Professor Rowland, of Baltimore, in mapping and identifying the lines of the solar spectrum.

When sunlight is transmitted through the narrow crack or "slit" at one end of a spectroscope, and examined by the eye at the other end of the instrument, the observer sees a long, vividly colored ribbon of light, which is red at one extremity and violet at the other.

If the instrument is not too powerful, he can take in the whole length of this "spectrum" at once; but with a large instrument the spectrum is so extended that only a small portion of it is visible at a time.

Now this spectrum is crossed by myriads of dark lines, some of them fine and black, others broad and hazy; and they always occupy the same positions, and are as capable of being mapped with accuracy as the roads and cities of a country.

They owe their interest to the fact that they are known to be due to substances in the state of gas present in the atmosphere, either of the earth or of the sun—mainly the sun. Their accurate charting and identification is a matter of high importance in the information it gives about the constitution of the sun.

It is worth nothing that certain recent, and still unpublished, investigations by Doctor Veeder, of Lyons, New York, appear to show beyond question that there is a distinct connection between the visibility of a solar disturbance from the earth and its effect upon the earth's magnetism; that is, that when an active sun-spot or solar prominence is brought by the sun's rotation to our side of the solar globe, then an effect is immediately felt which was not felt so long as the disturbed area, however active, was out of sight on the other side of the sun.

This seems to indicate that the disturbing energy, whatever its mode of operation, is propagated like light; a result entirely in harmony with the recent remarkable experiments of Herz and others upon the transmission of electric induction.

As regards the solar "prominences," the great flame-like clouds of scarlet hydrogen and other gases, which are usually seen on the edge of the sun during a total eclipse—there is nothing new to report. They can be observed, at any time when the sun shines, by means of the spectroscope, and they have now been assiduously observed for twenty years; but the last ten have added disappointingly little to our knowledge of them.

One or two unsuccessful attempts have been made to photograph them, the difficulty being due largely to the scarlet color of their light. But there is reason to hope that we may soon be able to photograph a red object as easily as a blue one, and when that time comes we may look for more satisfactory results. Photography would have great advantages in securing accurate representations of these objects, which change so swiftly as to defy the most rapid draughtsman.

With the corona, the beautiful halo of pearly radiance which surrounds the eclipsed sun, and is visible only during an eclipse, the case is, perhaps, a little better, and some real progress seems to be making toward an intelligent understanding of the subject.

While in recent years the eclipse expeditions have been unusually unfortunate in the matter of the weather, many photographs of the corona have been collected, taken under very different conditions; and there is reason to expect that the careful comparison and study of these pictures which is now in progress will soon give us a better insight into the real nature of this most lovely and most mysterious of all solar phenomena.

Two different theories are under special investigation, one proposed by Professor Bigelow, that the streamers of the corona are analogous to those of the earth's aurora borealis, and have their positions and directions determined by the sun's magnetism, just as the earth's magnetism determines the auroral streamers; the other proposed by Professer Schœberle, of the Lick Observatory, that the streamers are projected radially from the sun-spot zones, and owe their apparent arrangement simply to perspective.

The two theories lead to distinctly different results as to the appearances that ought to be seen, so that a thorough discussion of the existing photographs will lead to a decision between them, or very possibly, it may result in showing that neither is right.

One thing is already clear; that there is a close connection between the corona and the sun-spots. When the spots are numerous and active, the corona is smaller and more brilliant than usual, and its longest streamers are found over the two sun-spot zones on each side of the sun's equator. In years of sun-spot scarcity, on the contrary, the corona is fainter, but larger; the portions near the sun's equator especially sometimes reach an enormous extension, while the shorter streamers will appear to issue from the regions near its poles are more conspicuous than usual from the clearness a sharpness with which they are defined.

In 1882 photographs were also obtained of the coronal spectrum, and they show that while in the lower portion of the spectrum there appears to be only a single conspicuous bright line, the well-known green "1474" line, discovered in 1869, the blue and violet regions are on the contrary very rich.

The great H and K bands, which form the boundary of the visible spectrum at its violet extremity, are especially conspicuous in the corona for their brilliancy and extent; the lines of hydrogen are also prominent, and there are many others which may or may not be due to the same mysterious "Coronium," as it has been provisionally called, which produces the "1474" line.

To sum up, we may say that while there has been no discovery relating to the sun within the last ten years that can be compared in importance with Kirchhoff's discovery of the elements that go to compose the sun, or with the discovery of the periodicity of the sun-spots, or even with that of the gaseous nature of the solar prominences, and the method of observing them with the spectroscope, yet there has been a steady progress, and there is every reason to hope that before very long we shall reach the solution of some of the problems that have long defied us.—[Prof. C. A. Youn .

Spring Dressmaking.

"Old clothes in winter are not as nice as new ones," sighs Rosabella; "but they are not an affliction. It is old clothes in summer that are the worst! Summer is different. You want everything new. You want everything fresh and dainty. You don't want to have to think and plan and worry about letting things out and taking things in and mending things up. You hate the idea of a made-over dress.

"It is all out of harmony with the season to stew in a close room, ripping and hemming and running a tiresome sewing-machine; and then go and steam in the kitchen, pressing out seams with a horrid, hot, heavy flatiron; and then very likely have shabby spots in your gown that can't be hidden after all. How can anybody ever feel cool or fully satisfied in such a dress when it's done? If only clothes grew ready-made without a price-tag, what a blessing it would be!"

Most ladies have at one time or another shared poor Rosabella's mood of despair. Nevertheless, there are compensations to be found for the toil and wear of temper consequent on spring-dressmaking, even when it is done in the house and by the household.

Perhaps when the dresses are finished they are less stylish than if a professional dressmaker had produced them, but there is an equal chance that they are better adapted to the individual tastes and peculiarities of the wearers.

Perhaps some of them cannot by any degree of skill and careful planning be so made that a keen eye may not discover a shabby pot, or guess at one from the arrangement of the trimming which conceals it. But how great the triumph if the effect if so tasteful and becoming that none mind the shabby spot, even when they know it is there!

Some people may recognize the reappearance of a long-enduring fabric for another season's wear. Perhaps a malicious one among them will really say,—though it is infinitely less likely than the owner of the garment imagines,—"Dear me! There is that same old pongee again! Let me see—is this the fourth summer she has worn it?"

But then how happy she feels when a friend remarks admiringly, "My dear, I do hope that pongee of yours will never wear out. You will never have anything else quite so becoming."

Variety has its charm in costume, but it is far less important than suitable, taste, becomingness, and in fact any of the other attractive qualities which clothes may possess. It is hardly possible for a dress that is truly beautiful and becoming to weary the eye, and the less it is changed to accord with the whim of fashion the better.

Indeed, to the persons who care most for the wearer, and whose opinion she could most value, time often lends an added charm, making it seem almost a part of herself, like her hair or the color of her eyes. They hate to have it finally discarded, and require time and coaxing to become reconciled to a new garment, which afterwards they may perhaps like better than the first.

Besides, after the heavy fabrics and soberer hues of winter, any summer dress is a variety, and needs no other charm than grace of outline and pleasing color. We do not say when the violets and roses come, "There are those same old purple flowers again! And the roses pink another year! Why can't they blossom blue or scarlet, for a change?"

His Wife For a Pony.

A few months ago a man named Zimmerman arrived in Darlington, Beaver county, says a Pittsburg, (Pa.) correspondent, with a herd of ponies. Among those who looked longingly on a particular pony was George Davis, a young married man of that place. Davis had no money, but he possessed a wife, whom he offered to exchange for the animal and a money consideration' The wife was consulted, and after a few days. dickering Zimmerman agreed to give the pony and a deed to 144 acres of land in Montana in exchange for the woman. The papers were drawn up and Zimmerman took the woman and Davis the pony. The cowboy and Mrs Davis went West, but she soon repented and asked to be taken back to her first love. By this time Davis discovered that Zimmerman did not own a foot of land in Montana or any other place. The innocent-looking pony turned out to be every thing that was bad and when Mrs Davis arrived home the other day she was gladly welcomed by her rightful husband.

The case of Baron Fava is the first instance in the history of the United States of the recall of a foreign Minister to that country by his Government as a mark of displeasure. In several cases, however, the United States has demanded the recall of Ministers. The first is that of M. Genet, the French Minister, who in 1793 was asked to withdraw because he sought to destroy the neutrality of the United States with regard to the new French republic. In 1812 the British Minister was given his transports, and in 1871 the Russian Minister, Catacazy, was requested to leave the country. The most recent case is that of Lord Sackville-West.

The tension of feeling between the Emperor William and Bismarck is evidently very great. Of the exact status of the affair no one outside very intimate official circles probably has any knowledge, but the comments and reports constantly appearing in the newspapers, together with such other information as somehow leaks out, make it clear that something very like a crisis has recently been reached. Rumors have been in the air for some time past that there was to be a formal prosecution of Bismarck, although the precise offense charged against him has been only vaguely hinted at. The causes for the Emperor's irritation are matters of speculation. It is said, for instance, that Bismarck has refused to give up certain letters of the Emperor's in his possession. It is known, on the other hand, that the criticisms of the present imperial policy which have appeared in two leading newspapers, and which have given the Emperor the greatest possible annoyance, were undoubtedly inspired by the ex-Chancellor. The Emperor, who is a singular combination of autocratic temper with progressive tendencies, resents any criticism from any quarter, and no doubt has found it peculiarly galling to be subject to the fire of his late minister. The "Hamburger Nachrichten," one of these papers, declares that both it and the ex-Chancellor are prepared to meet prosecution in any form, and that the criticism of imperial policy which Prince Bismarck has allowed himself to make has been dictated solely by a sense of public duty. Altogether, the situation is a very uncomfortable one, and it is difficult to see how it can be made otherwise.

The Bravest Act of the Year.

After fully considering the claims submitted to them as worthy of their honours for saving life from drowning during the past twelve months, the committee of the Royal Humane Society have unanimously bestowed the highest award—the Standhope gold medal—on Alfred John Cooper, fourth officer of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship Massilia, who in the Gulf of Aden, known to be infested with sharks, saved a Lascar who fell overboard while on a voyage from Bombay to London. The ship was going at the rate of 13 knots an hour at the time of the occurrence. Mr. Cooper, who was in the saloon at the time, on hearing the cry of "Man overboard!" rushed on deck, and, without divesting himself of any of his clothing, jumped overboard, swam after the man, seized hold of him, and kept him afloat until a boat was lowered and went to their assistance.

The late Lord Rutherfurd was a very able lawyer, but exceedingly affected in his manner and speech, and when addressing either the Bench or a jury spoke extra-superfine English. When, however, he broke out in a passion, which was by no means an unusual occurrence, he expressed his feeling in the broad vernacular. Lord Cockburn said to him one day, "It is strange, Rutherfurd, that you should pray in English and swear in Scotch."

HELEN'S ESCAPE.

BY H. F. ABEL.

CHAP. I.

Ping! crash! and, shattered into a thousand pieces, down came the bust of Moliere which stood at the the top of the bookcase in my room at No. 5 Rue de Douai, Paris. This was on the evening of May 27, 1871, and the Commune was desperately gasping its last breath in the ubiquitous presence of the victorious Versailles troops of Macmahon.

"Better the bust of Moliere than my head," I remarked to myself as I quitted my easel, at which I was trying to work, and went to the window to peer out into the street. The scene which met my furtive gaze through the half-opened *persiennes* I can never forget. Almost under my window—for No. 5 was but the third house from the corner of the street—was what had been a large and well constructed barricade, composed of street stones piled around a Clichy-Odeon omnibus, a couple of nightcarts, and a miscellaneous heap of obstruction—its front facing the Rue Laval, its two sides commanding the Rue Pigalle, and its rear towards the Rue de Douai. All about it were stretched the corpses of men, in blue or white blouses or hybrid uniforms, who had fallen during the night; and against the walls of the opposite houses were half-a-dozen wretches slowly dying from their wounds, and calling aloud to be put out of their misery. Everywhere else, rifles, accoutrements, shattered fragments of the barricade, empty wine bottles, and—blood.

I had been a close prisoner in the house for four days; I had been made to assist in the construction of the barricade described above, in spite of my plea of "Civis Britannicus sum;" but I had determined not to fight, and, favoured by darkness and the drunkenness of the Communist sentries, had managed to slip home unobserved. The bullet which had destroyed Moliere was the first which had fairly entered my room, although, during the three preceding days, there had been severe fighting in the street and my *persiennes* were riddled almost to fragments. I had only ventured to look out once before, for the fate those who looked out of window dangled before my eyes in the shape of two or three motionless heads and arms hanging over window ledges; but the arrival of the bullet stimulated my curiosity, and I remained, lying flat on the balcony, peeping through the iron-work on its railing. There were not more than a score of men left in the dilapidated barricade, and these were either too drunk or too desperate to fly. About four hundred yards up the Rue Laval I saw a blue mass, tipped with steel, which I guessed to be the Versailles troops advancing from their capture of the Buttes Chaumont and the Belleville heights, to the destruction of what was almost the last hornet's nest. Presently, there was a tremendous volley; the men in the barricade yelled and crouched down, rose up and fired. Then the street was filled with white smoke; but I could hear the clatter of feet advancing at the *pas gymnastique*, followed by yells of defiance, cries of agony, the crash of falling obstacles, and more volleys. The smoke cleared, the "Reds" were rushing along the street past my door, followed by the cheering troops. Now and then a man threw up his arms and fell flat on his face; the others staggered on; there were more cries of agony, which told me that the bayonet was doing its sickening work. Then all was over, and the Commune was dead as far as fighting was concerned, although the lurid glare reflected on the evening sky in half-a-dozen directions sufficiently proclaimed that it had not died without a terrible Parthian shot.

We—that is, my Italian landlord and I, the only occupants of the house usually filled from basement to attics with artists and art students—had not an atom of food or a drop of drink in the house: and I determined to get as far as the *charcutier* at the corner—now opened for the benefit of the Versailles sentries grouped all about—for the purpose of taking in supplies. So I crept out cautiously—for I knew that the victors, maddened by resistance and bloodshed, would not hesitate to shoot upon mere suspicion—bought what I required, and returned, having been absent half an hour.

It was half-dark when I reached my room again, and the weird gray light which came from the west, and made a strange pattern on the floor as it pierced my battered *persiennes*, seemed an appropriate tint for the close of such an awful day. I felt its influence, and, safe as I was, moved gently, as in a house of death. Then I was amazed to see a man sitting, or rather lying, in my armchair. When I approached nearer, I saw that he was wounded and insensible; that his face and his left arm were bound up in bloody rags, and that his tattered clothing was besmeared with mud and chalk and blood. I poured some brandy down his throat, and he revived. "Thank God!" he exclaimed—"thank God!" But he was so exhausted that his head sunk back again. He had uttered those words in English, and astonished as I was to find him in my room at all, I was still more so when I saw he was a fellowcountryman.

Presently he made an effort and sat up. "You're all right," I said, as I noticed he looked fearfully and anxiously around, as if pursued; "you'll be better when you've had something to eat and drink."

His face brightened at the sound of my English speech. "You are an Englishman," he said. "I am glad. These brutes have nearly done for me. Look here!"—as he spoke, he undid the bandage from his hand—"that's a bayonet wound." As he showed it, a piece of glass fell from his sleeve or his bandage to the ground. Seeing it, he added: "And I had to jump clean through a window. But I'm safe here? You won't give me up?"

"Of course I won't," I replied. "Why should I?"

"Well, you see I'm a banker here. I heard that the Commune had made a raid on more than one business house for what they call "contributions to the holy cause of universal liberty." I happened to have a lot of securities which had been deposited with me for safety by wealthy Parisians. I heard that the Communists were on the scent; and I escaped with them just in time. The soldiers entered the house just as I left it, chased me, fired at me, wounded me in the head and hand, and I got into a shop. I was followed there, fired at again, and just jumped through the window in time to avoid an ugly push with a bayonet. But I'm not quite comfortable, for they might be here at any moment."

His mind was evidently unhinged by what he had gone through; for, in spite of my assurances that the Commune was a thing of the past, and that order was re-established, whilst he ate and drank with avidity what I set before him, at every unusual sound he started to his feet in the greatest alarm. However, food and drink gave him courage; and although he refused to have his wounds dressed and remainedwith his face almost hidden in hideous bandages, accepted my invitation to remain where he was for the night. Over a cigar and a bottle of Medoc I found him to be an exceptionally intelligent and well informed man, who had been at an English public school and university, and had been settled in Paris many years. Personally, he said, he was ruined by the Commune; but he was glad to have been able to save the property of his clients, and had no doubt but that they would make him some compensation for the losses he had sustained in guarding their interests.

He refused to occupy my spare room, but preferred to sleep in my armchair; and at midnight, when we separated, he said: "My name is Rayne—Dixon Rayne, of the firm of Rayne & Company, Rue le Pelletier. I don't know how I can ever repay you adequately for your kindness to me to-night; but be sure that I shall endeavor to do so."

When I entered the room the next morning he was gone.

Now, there were two or three little things about Mr. Rayne and the circumstances of his escape, which, coupled with the fact of his sudden disappearance, struck me as being rather odd, and instinctively I felt rather relieved when he was gone. Of course his story was plausible enough, for I knew that the Communists had not hesitated to lay their hand upon all the money and valuables and securities they could find, under the plea of *pro bono publico*, but in reality for personal enrichment. But why he should have dispayed such fear of arrest was strange when he must have known that all cause for fear was removed by the triumph of the Versailles troops. Again, he did not ask my name, as a man in receipt of a kindness and wishful to repay it would generally do. Neither, upon searching the Directory for Paris, could I find any such firm as Rayne & Company either in the Rue le Pelletier or out of it. Lastly, what little I could see of my visitor's face for the rags which he so assiduously preserved, did not impress me, although I knew very well that in a hurried flight for life, Apollo himself would assuredly be shorn of much of his natural beauty.

However, Mr. Rayne, good or bad, was gone, and there was an end of it, as I thought, and I was soon too busily occupied with my own affairs to trouble my head about him. Shortly afterwards, I ventured out for a tour of exploration amidst the ruins of defaced, despoiled Paris, perhaps also with a view to the reproduction upon canvas of such incidents as I had witnessed or could imagine. When I returned home, I found an official in police uniform in my room. "Monsieur is English?" he asked.

I admitted the fact.

"Has Monsieur any countrymen of his in the house or anywhere about?"

I replied that I knew of none.

The official described himself as *desolated*, but it was his duty to search. Accordingly, he searched high and low, cupboard and drawer, passage and closet. "I am obliged to Monsieur," he said as he re-entered my studio. Suddenly, he stooped and picked up from the floor the piece of glass which had fallen from Mr. Rayne's arm bandage; and I noticed that it was stained glass of a yellow colour, such as may be seen sometimes in the staircase windows of Parisian houses but never in a shop front.

The officer looked keenly at me as he held the glass, and his remarkable politeness at once gave way to an official abruptness which was evidently more natural to him.

"How did this come here?" he asked. I suppose I must have looked almost guilty, for he repeated the question in a more peremptory manner, as I stood wondering how I should answer; so there was nothing to be done but to tell him all that had happened on the night of Rayne's arrival. After a series of minute questions concerning my visitor, the purport of which I could not guess, and my answers to which he carefully noted down, he left me.

I lit a pipe and pondered over this strange matter for an hour; then I thought I would go to breakfast on the boulevards. Close to the street door was a tall man in ordinary civilian dress, smoking a cigar, and apparently interested in the work of demolition of the barricade which was going on. He glanced carelessly at me, and I passed on; but on reaching the crossing at the church of Notre-Dame de Lorette, I looked round to see if the way was clear, and behold he was following me at a distance of fifty yards, and so on down the Rue Lafitte, on to the boulevard, and over to the Cafe du Cardinal, so that I knew I was being watched. The same man unless he was not engaged on the job again; but I seemed to feel instinctively that the eye of the law was on me, and some one was trusted with the duty of observing my slightest movements.

Finally, to cut a long story short, I was visited by two gentlemen in mufti, although they were clearly officials, who drove with me to the depot of the Prefecture of Police, where I was submitted to a searching examination by a magistrate concerning Mr. Rayne, and allowed to go, after I had been actually thanked and apologised to for the trouble and inconvenience to which I had been put.

Piecing all the evidence together with the nature of the questions put to me, I came to the conclusion that Mr. Rayne must have been a political offender, or a spy, or perhaps even a Communist leader.

In three weeks' time I had cleared up my affairs in Paris, and after an unexpectedly prolonged sojourn in the city of famine and bloodshed, returned gladly enough to my own home amidst the Surre hills.

CHAPTER II.

From Paris besieged and terrorised, to quiet, pleasant Kensham was a change I duly appreciated. We led a very tranquil life—that is, my wife, my daughter Helen, and myself; for our neighborhood, although within easy distance of London, had not yet given a sign of expanding into a fashionable suburb; we knew everybody, and very little served to excite and amuse us.

Five years passed since my life in the Rue de Douai; and Helen, at that time a bread-and-butter miss of awkward appearance, had blossomed into a pretty girl of eighteen. We had many friends about; but we were most intimate, Helen especially, with a gentleman named Corner, an Australian of great wealth, who lived with an aunt in an old-fashioned house not far from ours. When I say that John Corner was a fine-looking, black-bearded man, who stood six feet high, was an excellent athlete and a more than average scholar, I describe a man after whom many a fair Surrey lass sighed in vain, and whom I regarded as a very good husband in prospect for my Helen. I don't know if any form of betrothal had passed between them, but they were constantly billing and cooing, and I was very satisfied with the arrangement, for, although I did not deem wealth a *sine qua non* for my future son-in-law, I was not a rich man, and I would not have parted with her to one who could not keep her as I should have wished. When I saw that in the ordinary course of events nothing was likely to prevent Helen from becoming Mrs. Corner, I determined that by no fault of mine should she prove to be unworthy of the man she married. So, as I abominated the system of sending girls to boarding-schools, I had her taught French and music and the usual cirriculum at home by the best masters and mistresses obtainable.

They were a great trouble, these various professors, the French Masters especially so. If I got one who promised well, just as he was getting into good swing, something—conscription or dying relations or *mal de pays*—would call him away. Willing and able men with provincial accents abounded; but, as I was a good French scholar myself, I determined that Helen should be Parisian or nothing. Finally, Monsieur Pontneuf arrived. I got him through the French Consulate in Finsbury Circus; and I was introduced to a military-looking man, broad in the shoulder, and thin in the flank, with small hands and feet, and a pleasing, although rather melancholy face of the intellectual Gallic type. He could speak but very little English; his references were exceptionally good; and, from a certain reserve and hauteur in his manner, I guessed at once that he was an imperialist gentleman driven to poverty and exile by the irony of Fate. My wife and Helen were charmed with him, and he very soon became established in our little world on a footing of almost familiar friendship. But he never took advantage of the favorable impression he had made; and after being with us three months, he was as punctilious in the respect he paid my wife and daughter as on the day of his introduction.

There was a tone of sadness about his reserve which interested me, and I felt sure that he was a man with a history, although, of course, I never presumed to broach the topic. Considering his nationality, he had a singular aversion to gaiety and social amusement, and firmly declined my repeated invitations for him to join in such rollicking diversion as our neighborhood offered. He spent his leisure time in wandering about, cigar in mouth and hands folded behind his back, engaged in deep thought, and very soon obtained the nickname amongst the irreverent local youth of "Dismal Froggy."

It may be imagined that amongst ourselves we often talked about Monsieur Pontneuf, and tried to build up from our imaginations the history or the romance which had made him so solitary and pensive in his manner. At length Helen seemed to throw some light upon the matter, for she said at dinner one evening: "Papa, what do you think I have found out about Monsieur Pontneuf?"

Of course I could not divine what it was.

"Why," she replied, "that he has a sweetheart."

"Impossible! Monsieur Pontneuf is fifty, if he is a day, and what girl is there about here who would fall in love with a middle-aged Frenchman?"

"I'll tell you who," replied Helen—"Gabrielle, Miss Corner's French maid. I've seen them more than once together, and the servant from the Cedars brought Monsieur a note to-day."

The notion seemed to me rather ridiculous that our solemn professor should have won the affection of the laughing, dark-eyed Gabrielle, who was, moreover, spoken of as the flame of John Corner's coachman; but the evidence of my own eyes soon proved that there was at anyrate some foundation for Helen's assertion. Upon more than one occasion of an evening I met Monsieur Pontneuf and Gabrielle together, although, from an English point of view, their deportment did not convey the idea that they were sweethearting; indeed, Gabrielle seemed to me to hold Monsieur Pontneuf somewhat in awe, for I overheard her address him as "Monsieur," and her manner was very deferential.

Now, it was an invariable habit of mine on a summer evening to take a stroll out of doors with my cigar or pipe, a habit I had contracted in Paris, where one never dreams of passing a close evening shut up in a warm house. A very favorite haunt of mine on these occasions was a path running along a feeble stream which we dignified by the title of "the river," leading to a sequestered summer-house apparently constructed for the express convenience of lovers, who, on Saturday or Sunday nights especially, patronised it largely. On other nights I generally had it to myself, and always stopped there for a few minutes to sentimentalise over the beauty of the moonlit scene spread before me. One night I became aware that it was occupied, from the sound of voices within, and as one of the voices was that of Monsieur Pontneuf, in spite of my abhorrence of eavesdropping, I paused and listened. He was speaking in French, and I managed to catch the scrap of conversation: "Then, I am to understand that, so far as you know, he was in Paris in

the year 1871, and that, when you entered his service, he was living near Amiens?"

"Yes, sir," replied the voice of Gabrielle.

"Mind," said Monsieur Pontneuf, "don't let me catch you mistaking facts, or it will go very hard with you."

"I am telling you truly, so far as I know, so I am a good Catholic," replied the girl.

"He left Amiens hurriedly one night?" said Monsieur.

"Yes, sir. We were at supper in the kitchen when he came in, and told me to pack up as soon as I could, for we had to catch the English mail-train at ten o'clock."

"Did he seem flurried or confused?"

"Not particularly, sir. He was pale and spoke rapidly—that was all."

"I suppose you never heard him allude to a Madame Arosa?"

"You mean the old lady who"——

"Yes, yes—of course I do."

"Never, sir."

"Of course nobody knows that you are in the habit of meeting me? At anyrate he does not?"

"I don't think so, sir; I am very cautious."

There was a movement of feet in the summer-house, which warned me to get out of the way, so I slid behind a clump of bushes, and presently the two appeared in the moonlight.

"Report to me all you see and hear," said Monsieur."

"I will, sir."

The Frenchman slipped something which chinked like coin into her hand and they separated, he taking the path leading to the village, she going in the opposite direction towards the Cedars. From this conversation it was quite clear to me that whatever might be their relationship to one another, Monsieur Pontneuf and Gabrielle were not lovers; and, putting circumstances together, I made up my mind that my professor, like so many others in his calling, was a political refugee, either Napoleonist or Communist; and I knew very well that the French republican government, to whom both were equally hateful, was sparing no pains or expense to find out the whereabouts and to keep itself informed of the actions of all such offenders. Evidently, he was making use of the girl Gabrielle as a spy and informer; or it might even be that he was engaged in a plot against the government. During my artist life in Paris and London, I had been brought into constant contact with this class of gentry; and I knew that we should often shudder if we knew what sort of individuals make use of our free island as an asylum and live amongst us as harmless bread-winners. However, Bonapartist or Communist, criminal or innocent, Monsieur Pontneuf performed his duty to me satisfactorily and thoroughly; and it was not for me to pry behind the scenes of his life. I found John Corner in the smoking-room when I arrived at home; but I said nothing to him about what I had overheard during my walk.

"Well," he said, "you know I don't want to meddle in your affairs; but I've been rather put out and puzzled lately about a matter concerning which perhaps you can enlighten me; I mean about this Monsieur Pontneuf, who gives Helen her French lessons. Do you know anything about him?"

"Nothing more than that he was accredited to me by the French Consulate in London, and that he showed me very high testimonials.—But why do you ask?"

"Well," he replied, "because there's something going on between him and my aunt's maid Gabrielle. She has never asked so frequently for leave to go out of an evening as she has since Monsieur Pontneuf came here."

"Perhaps there is a little affection between them." Even to Jack Corner, whom I loved as my own son, I did not feel justified in confiding what I had chanced to overhear in the summer-house.

"I don't think so," said Jack, shaking his head. "He's a middle-aged man, and she's a mere girl of eighteen. Besides, she has never spoken to my aunt about it, and servant-girls always like to confide these little matters to mistresses who take an interest in their welfare. No; I think he is what we don't suspect him to be—a plotter perhaps, or a proscribed Communist leader."

"It doesn't much matter if he is, so long as he performs his duties."

"No. But I don't care about our maid being mixed up in this sort of business," said Jack; "for not only does it distract her attention from her duties, but it might involve us in unpleasantness."

"Well, I don't know how we can find out; and I must admit that I fail to see how we can suffer by whatever two French people choose to concoct together."

But it suddenly struck me that Jack must have seen me near the summer-house, for he was looking curiously at me, as much as to say: "I should like to ask you about it, but I don't like to." However, I was resolved not to say anything unless pressed, and changed the conversation. But I noticed that Jack seemed uncomfortable during the remainder of our talk, and I was puzzled to account for it. Our conversation at length turned on the trips abroad we were severally going to make during the next week—he to Switzerland, for a clamber amongst the High Alps; I and my ladies to Paris, for the important purpose of choosing the trousseau for Helen's wedding, which was to be celebrated in the the autumn.

But I saw that his mind was uneasy about Grabrielle and Monsieur Pontneuf, for, as we were bidding each other good-night at the door, he said: "You keep an eye on Monsieur Pontneuf, or perhaps you will be astonished one of these fine days."

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"Why, that I believe him to be nothing less than one of these Socialist dynamitards, and that he is in the thick of a plot against our own government here at home."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wanted One More.

"I have witnessed many curious death bed scenes," said Mrs. Jeannette Robinson, a professional nurse employed at the Toronto hospital. "I am now forty years of age and have been a nurse for twenty years, though I have been in this country only ten.

"A few years ago I called into a very aristocratic family. This family is very rich as well as aristocratic. As I am usually called upon only in critical cases I was not surprised to find the patient very low. She was the loved and petted only daughter. She had just made her debut the season before and her second social season was at its height. It appears that she was a very lively girl—a spoiled child—and had caught a severe cold at an entertainment. Instead of taking care of herself she went about as usual every night in evening dress. When I arrived at the house I found her lying in a magnificent room practically at the point of death with pneumonia. Three physicians were in consultation. The family was terribly frightened. The girl was very lovely, for pneumonia is a sudden disease and she had not been in bed more than two days. I found her wandering in her mind. She seemed to half comprehend what I was, for she turned her dark eyes on me a moment and inquired:

"'Will I be able to go to the ball?'

"'Ball! Mercy, child,' said I, trying to soothe her, 'don't think about balls. After a while"——

"'Ring for champagne!' she ordered imperiously. 'I'm going to dress for the ball. I must go.' She tried to hum a waltz, then suddenly exclaimed: 'Champagne! Champagne! Bring champagne! It warms the heart so! My heart is getting cold! Bring more champagne!"

"She choked and gurgled and her voice sank to a whisper.

"The doctors were at her side in a moment. It was evident her young life was fast ebbing. The stimulant was brought. Rising on her elbow she grasped the freshly opened bottle from the tray and before we had time to recover from our astonishment poured its sparkling contents down her throat. Her eyes shone like stars.

"'Champ—,' but the word was never finished.

"She flung the bottle from her, sank into the soft pillows and expired. I hadn't been there ten minutes."

"There was a rich old merchant over in Thirty fifth street whom I was called upon to attend. He had spent a lifetime in the accumulation of considerable wealth and in his old age went straight from his counting-house to his bed. He could scarcely be brought to realize that his stay on earth was short. His large family was very anxious concerning his future, but couldn't get him to consider the question. The family doctor told me his case was hopeless and instructed me to impress this fact on his mind, which was inclined towards business and trivial things. His daughter met me in the library and took me up to the sick room. She was a richly dressed and very lovely lady.

"'That is the way you spend my money,' said he from the bed as soon as we came forward. He paid no attention to me. 'Just look at that dress!"

"'Dear me! Never mind, papa—please don't talk of such things now. Try and fix your mind on more serious things now. This is the nurse.'

"'Nurse? nurse? I don't want any nurse. She can't be more serious than this thing of throwing away hard-earned money!'

"'While he had resisted every attempt to prepare him for death, a day or two later he was a little restless and lay eyeing me for a long time. He suddenly spoke up:

"'So I'm going to die, am I?" His voice was deep and harsh and sounded as if it came from the grave. I was startled almost out of my usual self-possession, but finally managed to tell him as gently as possible that his time on earth was very short indeed. If he had anything on his mind he'd better act accordingly.

"'Well, I 'spose I might as well get ready to go,' he growled, as if it bored him. 'Bring 'em in,' referring to his family.

"I hurriedly summoned his wife and children. He feebly tried to raise himself, but gave it up. Then he gave them an extended lecture on their mode of living. He reminded them that he had worked early and late to leave them a competence, and he hoped they wouldn't waste it in riotous living. They ought to curtail expenses and reform on certain matters of dress. Though he was terribly exhausted when he finished, he waved them aside abruptly, and growled:

"'Now get out and send in the other gang!'

"He lectured the rest in the same way. One of the members of his family remained after the rest had gone out. It was his young son. I held my finger on the old man's pulse. It was flickering.

"'Can you pray,' he suddenly asked the young man.

"'Yes, father,' sobbed the lad, his heart almost bursting.

"'Well, then, preach up,' was the hoarse reply.

"The boy fell upon his knees by the bedside and uttered a few choking words, while the old man rested his hand upon his son's head. In half a minute the old merchant was dead."

* * *

"Widely different," continued the nurse, "was a case I was called upon to attend when I was in England. It was that of an old man, too—a rich country Squire. He was a terrible old fellow, who had a reputation all over the country side of having lived a reckless life, of being a grinding landlord, an atheist and even a terror to his family. In fact he had driven them out doors, one by one, until he was practically alone with his servants, a few greedy relatives keeping a risky place in the near background. But a single daughter had stuck to him, and she was afraid to say or do anything. Poor girl, she didn't know what to do. I had been sent for, and came up from London. The old man seemed to be about breathing his last when I got there, which was after dark. I shall never forget that night. It had been sultry all day. The sky was black with lowering clouds, and as I was driven from the station in a mail cart by a servant the road was lighted by vivid flashes of lightning that almost blinded us.

"They had darkened the windows of the sickroom, but the occasion flashes penetrated even there. I went straight to the bedside and took up the withered wrist. At first I thought the patient was already dead, his pulse was so weak and irregular and the breathing so feeble. But close attention for a moment convinced me he was still alive. A minute later I said to the terrified daughter: 'He's gone' and so it seemed.

"At that instant there was a terrible burst of thunder. It rocked the solid old country mansion on its foundations. The old man started up in bed to a sitting posture—just doubled up like a galvanized corpse twitching in every muscle.

"'What's that?" he asked, the death-rattle in his throat.

"I began to explain that it was a thunderstorm, when he flung his hands aloft and shouted with an awful oath:

"'It's the gates of hell opening for my soul!" and he fell back a corpse.

"I have the reputation of being the possessor of good magnetic powers. In some cases this influence serves greatly to reduces and soothe intractable and suffering patients. Once in an English hospital a difficult and dangerous surgical operation was being performed on a man who had been severely injured in an accident. He was a powerful young man and at times two able-bodied attendants were unable to hold him still. I was called in to assist. The moment I touched his hand he glanced at me appealingly and grasped mine. From that moment he bore the pain unflinchingly. I had turned his face away from the operators and laid my cheek against his. He scarcely murmured again during the whole time.

"When all was over, he placed both of his great arms around me and pressing me gently to his bosom kissed me on the lips. When they disengaged his arms he was dead.

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"I remember a teamster I nursed once in this hospital. His legs had been run over and crushed. An operation had been performed. He was constantly delirious. He drove a team all day and all night, swearing the most fearful and original oaths all the time. He was the roughest character I ever had to watch. His foul language fairly rang through the ward. He had probably formerly enjoyed torturing the poor brutes he managed, for he would swing his right arm on high in the act of snapping a whip, all the time accompanying the motion with curses and demonical laughter. He seemed to be intent on putting an eye out, cutting an ear off, or bringing blood in some way, and when he imagined he had made an especially skilful stroke of this kind he would laugh and curse. It was terrible. He finally went off in one of these fiendish paroxysms. I believe that is the only case in all my experience in which I could feel no human pity—in which I was satisfied to see a man suffer and was almost if not quite glad that my patient was dead.

"I knew a case where a genial, good-hearted, whole-souled gentleman in New York lay sick with quick consumption. He had been a man about town and had hosts of friends. When he was convinced that he could live no longer he called some of these watchers about him, called for glasses, made each person fill up with him 'for the last time,' and lightly waving his own finger of whiskey above his head, cried:

"'Well, boys, I've had many a good time with you; here's for the parting drink! Good-by!' and he died as he had lived, a convivial man of the world."

The Blind in England.

Out of the 32,000,000 of subjects over whom her Majesty now reigns as Queen of Great Britain, taken in round numbers, about 32,000 are said to be blind. This estimate, however, must be understood to include a considerable number of those partially deprived of sight, as, during the last forty years, the ratio of blind persons in every million has slowly but steadily fallen from 1,020 to 819, a decrease of one-fifth of 1 per cent. The smallness of this decrease, when so much has been done in other directions to lessen the ravages of disease, arises from two facts—first, that in a considerable number of cases blindness is the result of some untoward accident—stone throwing, a splinter of broken glass, a sudden blow or fall—and secondly, and in a still larger number of cases, is the result of neglect, ill-treatment, or exposure to cold when the victim was but few days or weeks old. So large a percentage of blindness, indeed, is due to this cause that the Royal Commissioners, while noting it, suggest a special remedy, viz., the employment of trained midwives among the poor, and the careful use of perchloride of mercury for washing the eyes.

Thirty per cent. of all the cases in schools and asylums are due to purulent ophthalmia, for which this preparation is found to be the best remedy, at once cheap, harmless, and easily procured, a point of vital importance when it is remembered that "one or two days make all the difference between saving and losing vision." The number of children actually blind from birth is comparatively small, but that of those who afterwards become blind from accident or disease goes on increasing; and it is on these two latter points, therefore, that legislation is demanded and can do good. In such trades as are found to be directly injurious to the sight as iron ship building, granite work, grinding of cutlery, &c., where a chance spark or splinter is too often fatal, the use of some special covering for the eye might be made compulsory, while in the case of infantile disease preventive measures are still more easily within reach.

The attention of archæologists and the learned generally is still largely occupied with the discovery made at Thebes. A letter alike interesting and instructive has just been received in Paris by Prof. G. Maspero from M. Grebant, director-general of the excavations now in progress at Thebes. Prof. Maspero formerly held in Egypt the position now held by M. Grebant. It appears from this letter that the rock-cut chamber was found at a depth of fifteen meters, consisting of two floors on galleries. In the lower floor were found 180 mummy-cases, piled one on top of the other, together with a large number of funeral objects, including some fifty Osirian statuettes. Ten of the statuettes were opened at once and in each was found a roll of papyrus. The period to which the mummies and statuettes belonged was that of the twenty-first dynasty. No such find has been made since 1881. The soil had, to all appearance, remained untouched for a period of 3,000 years.

Well Worth Winning.

CHAPTER V.—PRIORS LORING.

While the marriage service was going on in the quiet church, Mrs. Loring sat at home with a look of anxious expectancy on her colourless face, listening to every sound in the street. She looked years older. A cab drew up, and she rose and walked half-way across the drawing-room to meet a stout gentleman, of highly disturbed and even irritated expression of countenance, who entered.

"Well, Mr. Vantler? Please tell me at once!"

But Mr. Vantler deposited himself in the first chair he met and clasped his hands across his ample chest. Mrs. Loring sat down too without moving her eyes from his face.

"I wish I knew it, to tell you at once," he said with impatience. "There it is, somewhere around, at moments almost palpable and I cannot put my hand upon it. I am convinced in my own mind your fears are too well founded; but the mischief is that we cannot establish the fact. What is to be done, then?"

She bowed her head and clasped her hands. "If it were not for Maud," she said with a moan, "I think I should not care. Her marriage takes place to-morrow, and there is only this one day left!"

"That's the worst of it. We must also remember this, Julia," the gentleman gravely added, "that, regarding Maud, we are running serious risks. If you had proof to-day that what you fear is true, you would break the contract of marriage? Of course you would. Not having such proof, having only your own fears, which may or may not be realised—the question may never be cleared up, in fact—have you courage to say to them: "No; this must be postponed?"

"No," said Mrs. Loring. "I should have to go further, and say why I wanted a postponement."

"I quite understand, Julia. Does it not appear to you, then," he inquired kindly, "that it might be best to ignore suspicions which we are not able to prove, and let everything go on as already arranged? The doubt, I know, will be very terrible to you; but you will spare your child by bearing it all yourself."

Mrs. Loring bowed her head for a long while in one of the sorest struggles a woman could be called on to go through. "I think you are right," she said at last. "It is better to make no sign; it will be better for Maud; and if my fear is turned into certainty afterwards, perhaps arrangements can be made to keep the truth from her knowledge. My—husband could go abroad; and I could go and live with her, without breaking the silence. Perhaps the truth—which the son of course would be sure to know"——

"He knows it now."

"——might make him more kind to his wife."

She said all this in a self-communing manner, the words following the motion of her thoughts. It all meant this: that, startled by her husband's admission of a prior marriage, an admission necessary to enable his son to marry Maud Lavelle in his own name, Mrs. Loring had privately made inquiries concerning the date of the first wife's death, and now found herself, on the eve of her child's marriage, unable to ascertain the exact date. That the woman was dead there was no doubt: that Henry Loring believed her to be dead at the time of his second marriage was equally undoubted; but that this was really the case, Mrs. Loring was at the moment unable to obtain evidence to prove. The fact might have been taken for granted, only for certain doubts which had arisen in the course of the inquiry, and which need not be specified here. One, however, was that, either through inaccuracy of memory or ignorance of fact, Henry Loring and his son had given different dates. She dared not arouse their suspicions by betraying her own.

Mrs. Loring more than suspected that the father and son meant to make a division of her child's fortune; but being herself rich, this troubled her little. It was clear, nevertheless, that if she had the power, the sacrifice of the morrow should not take place.

"I can't quite absolve myself," said Mr. Vantler uncomfortably. "I think I ought not to have given my consent so readily."

"You are not to blame at all, Mr. Vantler. You were justified in acting on my advice."

"Perhaps I was. All the same, I wish now I didn't. But there—where's the use? It can't be helped."

"Nor delayed," added Mrs. Loring with a sigh. "My husband has procured a special license; he left that death-warrant on his study table this morning, where we could see it."

"Is it there now?" Mr. Vantler asked with quick interest.

"I suppose so," she answered, looking at him with languid curiosity. "You do not want to see it?"

"Suppose, Julia," he said, in a whisper, "I put it in my pocket—or in the fire—there could be no marriage to-morrow? A day or two gained might be of value."

The boldness of the suggestion startled her, and before its influence had time to cool, Mr. Vantler rose up and made for the study. Mrs. Loring followed him; but they were both disappointed, for the marriage license was not to be found.

"I had been certain of its being on that table after he left the house; and he has not been back since."

A diligent search was made, but without result. Perhaps, on reflection, neither felt the disappointment very seriously. Making away with the license might not have been attended with desirable consequences after all.

A servant came in with a card on a salver. Mrs. Loring read the name with a start of surprise—it was that of "Mr. Arthur Loring, Priors Loring," only the last two words were crossed out in pencil.

Arthur Loring entered the room, somewhat flushed, and with the wedding favour still in his button-hole. The lady rose, and looking gravely at the visitor, observed: "Mr. Vantler will excuse us for a while if you want to speak to me particularly, Mr. Loring."

He followed her to the next room, where she sat down, as on the former occasion, with her back to the window, and placed him in exactly the same position again. Then she waited.

"Perhaps," he commenced, taking additional courage from the recollection of the last interview in that room, "I may begin what I have to say by referring to the last occasion on which I saw you in this room, Mrs. Loring. I need not recall what passed. I have not seen, nor attempted to see, your daughter since then, until this morning. I was invited by Miss Lavelle's maid, and by the young man who is now her husband, to attend at their marriage. Until your daughter arrived at the church door I had no suspicion that she was to be there. If I had had such a suspicion," he added, after pausing, "I should have absented myself."

Mrs. Loring inclined her head in silent acceptance of his word. But it appeared as if something in the young man's manner—a third party, if present, could not imagine what—made her begin to feel nervous.

"After what I told you at our last interview," he continued, "I need not, I think, go into the sensations with which I heard of your daughter's approaching marriage to-morrow, Mrs. Loring—to a man for whom she has no love, or even respect, and who cares just as little for her. I know the nature of the bargain, Mrs. Loring, by which Maud was sold to my uncle's son, in order that my uncle's disgrace, as the ruin of hundreds of confiding and deceived investors, might be averted till he had time to make his preparations. Fifty thousand pounds will but stay the smash for a little while."

"You refer to the Annuitants' Association?" she said steadily.

"I do, Mrs. Loring. It is on the brink of disaster, and is past saving. That, however, is not my concern. Knowing Maud, if I had no warmer feeling than such mere knowledge was calculated to inspire, could I—could any person—have a heart unmoved by the spectacle of so cold-blooded a dealing with her happiness?"

The color swept across the mother's face, for she felt the sharpness of the unintentional thrust.

"I will not dwell on other things—deliberate outrages aimed at myself by these two men. You said the last time I was here, that you could not understand your husband throwing Maud and me together as was done—your husband, who is my unrelenting enemy because I am the son of my mother and father? Shall I tell you why, Mrs. Loring? It was in order to make me suffer by giving her to this other man before my eyes. He would bring me, if he could, to see the sacrifice, so as to fill the cup of his vindictiveness to the brim!"

"For Heaven's sake," Mrs. Loring burst out, almost angrily, "come to the end! I know all that already!"

Unprepared for this avowal, he crimsoned to the roots of his hair and stood up with defiant eyes. "Very well, madam," he replied, "I will come to the end at once. I have taken the advantage which fortune put into my hand, and I am ready for the consequences. At the church, your daughter's maid placed in my hands a marriage license, for the marriage of Arthur Loring and Maud Lavelle. The end is, then, that Arthur Loring and Maud Lavelle made use of the license and got married."

Mrs. Loring fell back in her chair, staring at the young man with fixed eyes, white face, and parted lips She was powerfully affected by the astounding announcement; but the crack of doom, Arthur Loring believed, would not have been able to lift the veil of inscrutability from her features.

"Maud," she said at length—"my daughter—is your wife?"

"Maud is my wife. It was right that I should come at once and inform you. For the present, I have taken her to my uncle Ralph's." He named the street and number, but she appeared to pay no attention.

There was another pause—a very disagreeable one to the newly-made husband. He had done all that he had come to do, and was impatient to retire. He bowed coldly and turned to the door.

"You have done a serious thing, sir," she then said, "and I will not forecast the consequences. You must deal with them. The license was fraudulently obtained, and fraudulently used."

"Granted, Mrs. Loring. Your daughter, however, is my wife all the same—with her own entire consent."

"My daughter is a minor. I am her guardian; and the gentleman in the next room is her trustee. I must confer with him upon this unexpected situation."

"Very well, Mrs. Loring. I mean no disrespect to you—for you are Maud's mother, and she loves you—but Maud is now my wife, and all the guardians and trustees under heaven shall not take her from me."

"You have also your uncle to deal with but of course you know that. After I have consulted with Mr. Vantler, you shall have our decision communicated to you."

He bowed again, and was glad to leave the house.

Arthur Loring's heart, at twenty-two, with Maud now his own, was not disposed to take in troubles; and though there were anxieties enough ahead of him, he went back to Maud with a bounding step and a bright face.

They were all there—her sweet face was at the window when he came up the street—and he kissed her when he entered as rapturously as if he was the bearer of a message of reconciliation. It was anything but that, as the reader knows; but he made light of it.

"Took it very calmly, Maud," he whispered to the anxious bride, "but of course kept her sentiments deep as a well. The trustee—Vantler—is there, so we shall hear in due time."

Matters in Ralph Loring's rooms were rather embarrassing, however, pending the arrival of that gentleman, whom Arthur had telegraphed for. Nothing could surpass that gentleman's amazement on arriving to find those two pairs of married people—actually and indubitably married people, fresh from the experienced and propitious hands of the Rev. Thomas Thornton, as testified by documents bearing his emphatic signature—occupying his modest sitting-room. Like one in a dream, Ralph Loring listened to the recital of Kitty's abstraction of the license from Mr. Henry Loring's study, as a speculation; and how successfully the speculation had turned out, as proved beyond question by the fact that Arthur and Maud were now man and wife.

Ralph seemed too dumfounded to find utterance for his emotions for two or three minutes; then fixing his eyes more in sorrow than rebuke upon Mrs. Hornby, he said to that young woman: "Kitty you'll get twenty years for this day's doings!"

"Law, Mr. Loring!" she replied, tossing her head, "let us have something cheerfuller to talk about. I don't want to leave Jack a widower till I am thirty-eight."

"What a little heathen," said Ralph; "she has no reverence for the laws of the land."

The time arrived when Mr. and Mrs. Hornby, mindful of certain expectant friends awaiting them at Vauxhall Pier (the festivities, it appeared, were to be held down the river at a tea-garden famed among seekers of pleasure,) had to depart; and in kissing the small bride at the door, Mr. Ralph exchanged with her certain mysterious signs of pleasure and congratulations, which, to a livelier perception than that of John Hornby, would have made it clear that Ralph had been an accomplice in the plot connected with the marriage license.

"Now, young persons," he said, returning, "now that you have taken the plunge, what is to be done next?"

"For my part," answered the bridegroom, laughing, "I think a ride outside an omnibus would be quite in accordance with present ways and means."

"Not when you have a house of your own to take your wife to, Arthur. You would be the first of your family that didn't take his bride to Priors Loring."

"Priors Loring is not mine, uncle."

"For the time being it is your mother-in-law's; but mothers-in-law are not so black as they are painted. She won't turn you out during the honeymoon."

At that moment a message arrived from Mrs. Loring. It was a line addressed to her daughter: "DEAREST MAUD—Come to me at once, and bring your husband." That was all. The written words sent hopes and fears—chiefly the latter—flying through both; but Arthur quietly placed his arm around Maud and kissed her.

"That's the way, Arthur," said Ralph approvingly. "Is it a summons from Cadogan Square?"

"Yes," replied the young husband. "I left Mrs. Loring and Maud's trustee taking counsel.—Come along, Maud," he added cheerfully, "and let us get it over. It will be easier than you suppose. Then we will come back and consult with Uncle Ralph."

"No, you won't," observed that gentleman with decision. "Uncle Ralph will not be here. He will be waiting at St. Pancras Station to fling an old shoe after you."

While Maud was putting on her jacket and hat, Ralph took his nephew into the next room. "Now, Arthur, my boy, just one word. You have won the victory, take my word for it. Pin your faith to your mother-in-law—you will find her true as steel when she is no longer in fear. Give her that, when your interview is over," he said, placing a sealed envelope in his hand. "They should have come to me sooner in the matter. It is the register of the death of Henry Loring's first wife—when she hadn't a friend left—and it sets your wife's mother free from her bondage. All will be well now."

The young fellow seemed hardly to comprehend.

"Not a word to Maud about it, Arthur. For that bit of paper alone she and you will be received with open arms. Take my word for it, and go at once. Maud is waiting. Off with you; and I shall be at St. Pancras to see you away by the five-thirty train. God bless you!" The old man went down with them to the door, bidding them be of good cheer and not forget the five-thirty train.

At half-past six o'clock that evening Mr. Henry Loring and his son were lounging on a terrace on the west side of Priors Loring house, smoking cigars after an early dinner, and looking intensely satisfied. The declining sun shone over a wide expanse of old timber, which the elder gentleman appeared to regard with special interest. They had been over the Park and every room of the mansion, and were therefore in a position to review their good fortune in a comprehensive manner.

"You are getting it cheaply, Arthur, at fifty thousand," said Mr. Henry Loring. "After paying off the mortgages, you will have seventy thousand clear at your banker's. How many men in England will be in a like position? And Maud, as a wife, is not to be counted for a little—she is a rare girl."

The other smiled—not at the reference to Maud, but at that to the "mortgages." Henry Loring was including his own second mortgage of thirty thousand in his calculations; but the dutiful son was quite resolved to disappoint him in that matter—when the time came.

"That timber needs thinning," the other continued. "I know something about timber, and you can easily cut down ten thousand pounds' worth without injuring the appearance of the estate. I should set about this at once."

"I intend to do so," was the reply.

"And we will have a mining engineer down without delay, for I am convinced there is any quantity of coal and iron on the property. Since cornfields and pastures don't pay," he observed with a grin, "we will sacrifice the picturesque to the practical, and see what the smiling fields have got underneath. Isn't that it?"

"That's it—undoubtedly."

The coming proprietor was quite in accord with the "development" of the old estate by the proposed methods. But he kept his own counsel, until to-morrow's event was over, on one part of the programme: this was the part comprised in the pronoun, "we." As soon as Mr. Arthur was in possession, his parent and benefactor should receive a startling and unpleasant surprise; there should be but one master at Priors Loring.

At this point the conversation suffered a surprising, and for a while inexplicable, interruption. The bells of the village church, about half a mile off, began to ring with lively vigour. The distant sounds of many

lusty human voices indicated some unusual excitement in the hamlet.

"Is it a fire!" said Henry Loring, stepping to the end of the terrace and looking in the direction of the village.

"There's no smoke. Perhaps it is a marriage."

"They don't marry at this hour of the day.—Hi! you fellow!" he shouted to a man who dashed past on horseback in the direction of the stables. But the man took no notice.

"Does he belong to the establishment?" demanded the embryo master indignantly.

"Let us go in and get another cigar, and some brandy-and-water, and we will walk down as far as the gates to inquire what is going on."

They were proceeding down the wide avenue presently, when a warning shout was raised behind them. They had barely time to leap out of the way and escape being run over by the Priors Loring carriage, driven at a headlong speed by the ancient coachman in his best livery.

"Upon my soul," exclaimed Mr. Arthur, when he recovered his speech, "it's about time that somebody was master here. I should like to know who gives these people their orders?"

"By this hour to-morrow, my boy, you shall have the right to ask that question, and to get an answer. Bide your time."

They proceeded slowly down towards the great gates, which they saw standing wide open. The ancient female in charge of the post was out in the middle of the highway, gazing with eager interest in the direction of the village. The bells were ringing, and the cheering of many voices came nearer and nearer. They could hardly be three hundred yards away, round a bend of the road.

"Woman! what does this mean?" demanded Henry Loring angrily. It was curious how angry he was, and how ugly his anger made him look.

"Eh?" she answered; "just wait a bit, and we'll see."

It was upon them before further question could be asked.

"Whatever they are," cried Loring, "they shan't enter here!" and he sprang at one of the heavy gates to shut it. For the second time he had a close and ignominious escape; this time it was two farmers mounted on heavy cart-horses that almost rode him down. He had to leap aside out of the way; and then the mob, with a deep and hoarse hurrah, burst through the gates, dragging after them the carriage containing young Arthur Loring and his bride.

We must be excused the task of following the gradual and grievous process by which those two injured men recovered from that stunning experience They found their way by private paths to the station, and thence to London; for like wise men they wasted no time in doubting the evidence of their senses, which demonstrated to them too plainly that they were irretrievably defeated. By what means it mattered not now; the result was far too overwhelming to leave them any interest in its explanation.

The mutual sympathy of rascals in the moment of misfortune is a touching trait of human nature. Each sought his own solace in the contemplation of the other's case. They had reached this interesting phase of feeling before leaving the railway carriage.

"You will want all your philosophy, Arthur," observed his father pathetically, "to bear you up after such a loss. Bride and wealth both gone—Heaven knows how, but the young Squire is the winner, beyond a doubt. Nor do I overlook the blow to your young affections."

"My philosophy is all in order sir," said Mr. Arthur with an amiable grin. "I have as much as I had yesterday, minus the expectations, which don't count as a commercial asset, you know. I am a little anxious about your balance, though. I shall have to leave you to manage the Annuitants as you can; and I am afraid, from what has taken place, you may not find all quite satisfactory at home."

"What do you mean?" Henry Loring demanded, turning livid.

"She has defied you, has she not? That means that things are on another footing in Cadogan Square. I'm afraid that your prospects, private and public, are uncommonly unpropitious to-night."

And the first realisation of the fact was brought home to Henry Loring outside the station, when his son coolly stepped into a noom and drove away by himself.

hi Ralph Loring at the same hour, attired in ins old clothes and slippers, was indulging H deep joy over the draper's shop in Chelsea. h e had managed it well, if he only knew eow well! The telegrams he had despatchvd to Mr. Harding the agent, and the old vicar, touched most inflammable material; and Maud, blushing red with pleased surprse, heard the bells ringing her welcome to Priors Loring before the train stopped at the little station.

In a month after the marriage, Priors Loring was free of mortgages, and this happy relief, coupled with the new mistress's eyes, which he worshipped, brought back his youth to the faithful old agent. "There has never, that I am aware of," he observed confidentially to the vicar, "been so much wealth in Priors Loring—long may they live to enjoy it!" There was more than Mr. Harding dreamt of, when the grave and gentle American mother came down and made the Hall her home.

Maud's mother never spoke of Henry Loring and his son, and these worthies passed out of sight, no one knew whither. Arthur, more just than his namesake intended to be, paid over to the Annuitants the money which the estate owed them.

On bank holidays Ralph comes down to see the young people; but he is wedded to his old life, and will go on unchanged to the end. Mrs. Horoby, through somebody's gratitude, has become owner of the shop in King's Road, and Ralph's landlady; and she domineers over the old man. He strongly resented new slippers which she had worked for him, but was compelled to wear them. "It is nearly as bad as being married," he says.

[THE END.]

A Clever Female Sharper.

A few days ago, as a well known man of Vancouver, British Columbia, was sauntering down a street in Ottawa he was accosted by a neatly dressed woman, rather prepossessing in appearance, somewhat refined looking, and to all appearance a lady. She was in half mourning, and had a short veil covering the upper half of her face. This woman pointed out to the man (who, by the way, is one of Vancouver's well-known business men) that there was a little knot of men standing in front of the Y. M. C. A.'s new building. Would he be so kind as to permit her to walk down the street with him, as she was afraid to go past there? Without a moment's hesitation the man consented. The lady apologized for asking him, and after his assuring her that he was only too happy to be of service to her, they started down street together. They had not gone very far beyond Abbott street, when a large, well-developed man stepped up in front of them.

"Where are you going with my wife?" he demanded sternly.

"Oh, George, I didn't mean any harm, I really didn't," answered the woman quickly, at the same time beginning to sob.

The Vancouver man attempted to explain to the irate husband that there was nothing wrong, that his wife had merely asked him to walk down the street with him as her protection in the dark. But he was cut short with the ejaculation: "Oh, yes; its just the same story."

The woman's sobs grew louder and the husband's wrath more intense, until the third party began to get frightened. He realized the fix he was in, and when an offer to compromise the matter was made, in order that it might not get into the newspapers or the Police Court, the Vancouver man at once accepted. He planked over two $20 gold pieces and then retraced his steps homeward, a sadder, madder, and wiser man. Since then the same game has been worked twice more. Each time the victim selected has been a prominent man who has a reputation at stake and would rather pay a few dollars unjustly than have any noise made about it.

Just Like Them.

"His mother's eyes, his mother's brow,
His mother's lips, 'tis plain to see."
"He is his father's self again,"
That is what people say to me.

I wonder which of them is wrong!
For how can both of them be right?
Could one small boy be like the two,
If he should try with all his might?

Like papa? If I ever grow
To be as strong and tall as he,
How learned, and how brave and true
And generous I ought to be!

And mamma—gentle, loving, kind,
And sweet and beautiful and good—
Of course a boy would like to be,
Well, something like her, if he could.

So, if I should begin to-day
And do the very best I can,
Perhaps what people say to me
May turn out true when I'm a man.

She (carefully questioning): "Are you a married man?" He (carefully answering)—"I don't know. My latest telegram from Chicago says that the jury is still out."

England's Census.

Once every ten years John Bull performs a remarkable feat. It is the taking of the census of the United Kingdom, and it is accomplished with a nickel-in-the-slot rapidity that challenges even the admiration of a shrewd hustler from America. The method of taking the census possesses great interest for the people of the United States, as offering a striking comparison with the slow and unsatisfactory methods of enumerating the American people.

On Sunday night last, the Britons passed through the turnstile of their tenth decennial classification. The next morning the record was delivered to Somerset House, to be assorted and labeled, and all the work was effected with marvelous perfection of organization by which Great Britain is made to stand still for a minute and be photographed. So consummate is the skill with which was planned that all-embracing machinery, that at one and the same moment, all over the United Kingdom, the recording pen caught and set down every man's status.

The United Kingdom was divided up into 40,000 districts. It is estimated that the total cost of the work was less than $700,000, while for the same work in America nearly $7,000,000 was appropriated by Congress.

The census was intrusted by the home secretary, Mr. Matthews, to persons in authority in the different parts of the United Kingdom. In England and Scotland the duty devolved upon the English and Scotch registrars general; in Ireland to a royal commission presided over by the Irish registrar general, and in the islands—which consists of two groups, the Isle of Man in the Irish sea, and the channel islands, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Heron, Sark, Jethou and Brechon—the enumeration was made under the superintendence of the respective lieutenant governors, according to instructions issued by the registrar general of England. In England and Wales the census staff consisted of the employes of the general registry office, the superintendent registrars in their districts, the registrars and the enumerators. There are 626 superintendent registrars' districts in England and Wales, which are subdivided into 2,195 sub-districts, each having a local registrar of births and deaths.

THE DIVISION INTO SUB-DISTRICTS.

While the boundaries of the parishes or townships were taken as the basis upon which to frame the division into sub-districts, strict attention was paid to the various local sub-divisions, so that the number of their houses and inhabitants could afterward be readily and accurately ascertained. Where a parish or township was sufficient to form of itself a distinct enumeration district, it was assigned to one enumerator; and, as a general rule, it was assumed that where the enumerator would not be required to travel more than 15 miles in visiting a smaller number of houses in the country, the district is not too large.

She enumerators were required to be intelligent and active, able to read and write well and have some knowledge of arithmetic; they were not to be younger than 18 years of age or older than 65; they were to be respectable persons, likely to conduct themselves with strict propriety and civility in the discharge of their duties, and well acquainted in the district in which they were to act.

The enumeration in Scotland was carried on in the same manner, under its own registrar general. In Ireland the enumeration was effected altogether by the officers and men of the constabulary force, whose local knowledge rendered them particularly well suited for the undertaking.

COUNTING IN PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Public institutions, such as county jails, convict prisons, reformatories, workhouses, hospitals, barracks and lunatic asylums, whose inmates exceed 200 persons, were treated as separate enumeration districts, and the governor or principal resident officer was appointed the enumerator. The smaller institutions were treated as ordinary houses, and the particulars regarding their inmates obtained by the district enumerators in the usual way.

The enumeration of persons on board merchant vessels, fishing smacks and other craft in the ports, docks, creeks and rivers was accomplished by the officers of Her Majesty's customs. Schedules, duly filed by the masters, were obtained in the case of the vessels in port on the census day; and on the arrival of every home-trade and coast-iuff vessel within the ensuing month, inquiries will be made in order to ascertain whether the census has been given in any port in the United Kingdom, and if not, the master will be requested to fill up a schedule. All the returns collected by the officers of her majesty's customs in England will be transmitted direct to the Central office.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

The information about seamen and others on board vessels in the royal navy, at home, were supplied pursuant to instructions addressed by the lords of the admiralty to the officers in command of her majesty's ships and vessels. A return will also be made, under directions of the commander-in-chief of the British army distinguishing officers from non-commissioned officers, and rank and file by the commanding officer of every regiment or battalion of the British army, at home or abroad, showing the ages, county of birth, and whether single, married or widowers; also the numbers and ages of the wives and children of soldiers.

In order to secure the enumeration of persons on board boats, barges and other craft in inland waters, not within the jurisdiction of the officers of customs, such vessels were visited on the census morning and the required particulars obtained from the master or person in charge, either by the ordinary enumerator or by a person specially employed for the purpose.

The enumerators were directed to make diligent inquiry for the purpose of ascertaining the number of persons not in any dwelling house on the census night, but sleeping in barns, sheds, caravans, tents, etc., or in the open air, and to enter such particulars as could be obtained respecting them in a form provided for the purpose.

Death Sweet to Them.

News has reached Santa Fe of the double suicide of two young women, at White Oaks. They were Mrs. Howard Doyle and Miss Jessie Ridgely. Mrs. Doyle had been separated from her husband for some time and was an intimate friend of Miss Ridgely. Mrs. Doyle was despondent and prevailed upon Miss Ridgely to commit suicide with her.

The bodies of the two women were found in a lonely part of the town. Over the heart of each was a bullet hole. They were clasped in each other's arms and between them was Miss Ridgely's revolver. Their hats hung on a post near by and their cloaks had been neatly folded and served as head rests. To each cloak were pinned notes to various friends. One expressed the desire that they should be buried in the same grave. None of the letters gave any reason for the act, except the sentence: "Death is sweet and we prefer it to life."

Mrs. Doyle came to New Mexico two years ago to serve as governess in the family of Mrs. Goodwin Ellis. At the end of a year she married Howard Doyle, brother of Mrs. Ellis and a well-known young ranchman. Their bridal tour took them back to Missouri, and there they met an old friend of the bride's, Miss Ridgely, who, upon their recommendation, was subsequently employed to succeed Mrs. Doyle's as governess in the Ellis hom Doyle and wife lived together less . a year, and for some cause or other separ_ ed. On Sunday Mrs. Doyle went to White Oaks for a visit to her friend. It ended in their suicide.

Self-Examinatiov.

Let not soft slumbers close my eyes,
Before I've recollected thrice
The train of actions through the day:
Where have my feet marked out their way?
What have I learnt, where'er I've been,
From all I've heard—from all I've seen?
What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duties have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?
These self-enquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God.
—[From the Greek of Pythagoras.

It is fashionable just now to say that women are wanting in politeness in public places, and true also. Mr. Jones was discussing this subject the other day, says the Washington *Star*.

"What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." So seems to think the beautiful English woman, Eveline Neal, who up to date has succeeded in inveighing forty-three men to marry her by advertising herself as a wealthy widow. This marrying one partner while the other is alive, having been confined principally to the lords of creation, may now take a turn for a little, while the women give the men a dose of their own medicine. It is stated that the irresistible charmer has been arrested and so far as Eveline is concerned the game is probably up.

MILLINERY.

FIG. No. 1 of our examples of hats and bonnets shows a straw with an indented brim, the back of which is raised and the entire crown covered with forget-me-nots. the back is a high-set cluster of wheat.

No. 2 is the new plateau shape.

No. 3 shows a very small toque in the sea-shell shape garnished with black lace and small white lilacs with a white tip at the back.

No. 4 shows a white straw hat trimmed with olive green and plaid ribbon and gull's wings.

No. 5 shows a bonnet of pale blue silk with clusters of roses and a border of plaited straw

No. 6 gives one of the fluted fronts and a turned-up back also fluted.

No. 7 shows one of the inserted openwork borders with a low crown. These inserted lace-like effects are very fashionable.

No. 8 shows a shape in very deep flutes extending all along the front and the crown also.

No. 9 shows a triple row of fancy straw around an extremely small and perfectly flat crown.

No. 10 gives a moderately high crown with raised back and lace-like edge.

No. 11 shows a black and white rice straw with pointed brim.

No. 12 gives a toque shape in open straw.

No. 13 gives a Louis-Quinze hat of gray silk with a border of feather and raised in military style on the front.

No. 14 displays a hat of black net bordered with black lace and trimmed with ribbon in loops beyond a pompon and aigrette of feathers.

No. 15 gives a toque of white lace embroidered with gold thread and having a rich border raised in coronet shape. At the back is a small aigrette.

No. 16 shows a pretty hat of silk and spotted muslin with a cluster of tips at the back.

No. 17 displays a hat of pleated black lace adorned with a profusion of apple blossoms.

No. 18 gives another example of the favorite fluted effects.

No. 19 gives a novel example of the much-liked boat shape.

No. 20 shows a low-crowned shape with a depressed and fluted brim.

No. 21 shows the reversed saucer shape with turned-up back.

No. 22 shows the sea-shell shape with a lace like border.

No. 23 shows a low, round crown with very projecting brim and fluted back.

No. 24 gives a Louis-Quinze shape such as is seen in pictures of the reign of that king, and profusely adorned—in such pictures—with feathers, a style which this shape demands. It is effective and very elegant.

No. 25 gives an exquisite shape in fluted straw adorned with dotted net and a delicate vine beyond a cluster of aigrette tips.

No. 26 shows the lace-like border on a shape which in this instance is square-crowned with a straight border.

No. 27 gives a very dainty and novel hat, on the front of which a butterfly effect is formed of lace and ribbon, the back showing plumes.

No. 28 gives a round-crowned shape with two small birds as garniture.

NEW EFFECTS.

Among the hats worn are Tuscan straws showing a ribbed effect resembling shirring. These are of a shape which, high at the back, sits up from the brow so as to leave a space for a full trimming of puffed lace, while the outside shows flowers, lace, or ribbon mingled with the ornamental pins which are now more varied than ever.

The flat plateau shape is seen with puffed silk laid over a crown in white Tuscan, a trimming of fruit-blossoms, a border of jet or straw gimp and a pulling of lace on the edge of the brim, under the gimp or jet.

Black Milan straw is seen in a flat shape

with a fluted border, depressed in the style introduced this spring and with a trimming of acacias set at the back, the front showing a jet bird.

Similar straws are trimmed with groups of roses or sprays of lilac mingled with bows of ribbon and rosettes of lace, such a trimming being on the back and front, leaving the crown undecorated. This style is more seen than almost any other mode of garniture, at present.

Yet it does not exclude novel effects of the disposition of lace in bunchings over the top of the crown on which clusters of corn-flowers or of chrysanthemums are set at intervals and at the back and front loops and bows of ribbon. This is especially liked on fancy straws or on black chip.

STRIKING EXAMPLES.

A rolled brim is seen in light tan-colored chip with a border of velvet beyond a gold cord. At the back, in a very stylish example, is seen a cluster of pale pink roses with a butterfly in black lace, very large, and set across the turned-up back as a bow of ribbon would be, a smaller butterfly being set on the centre of the brim.

Black horsehair or crin hats show, frequently, a very broad projecting brim and are trimmed stylishly with poppy buds, daisies, and corn flowers, often interminglded with wide edge lace in black or ecru.

Yellow ribbon, in velvet or satin is very much used this season for trimming and is seen on black, white, and ecru straws, especially on those having a lace-like border or showing the whole hat or bonnet in this openwork effect. Such ribbon is mingled with a few small flowers and is seen on the same hat in satin of a light shade of yellow and velvet a little deeper and more of an amber tint.

Except as associated with roses, there are fewer leaves seen with the flowers used profusely as trimming and which comprise all the small flowers. The small fruits, such as currants and undeveloped grapes are used, mingled with buds of roses. Poppies, which are always effective owing to their graceful shape and bright color, again appear as trimming and are mingled with ends of ribbon often fluted into a leaf-like shape.

NOVEL SHAPES.

Beautiful toque shapes entirely composed of large leaves of fancy straw sewed close together are trimmed with ribbon, ornamental pins, and small flowers.

Large wreaths of mingled purple and white violets adorn the fancy straws, having very large flutings on a very projecting brim and show high loops or soft bunchings of lace, ribbon, or silk.

Ruchings or flutings of edge lace in black or ecru are seen on the borders of chip, Milan and Tuscan straws, and these are frequently of a low-crowned form not unlike the sailor shape, and have the trimming at the back very high and bristling and formed of flowers and loops of ribbon.

Typewriting Not Light Work.

Would you believe it that the girl typewriter whom you can see in any business office down town requires an energy equal to 3,425 pounds to do a fair days work? But figure the matter out for yourself.

To depress a key on a typewriting machine requires six ounces of energy. There are usually 60 depressions a line and 25 lines to a page (foolscap), amounting altogether to 1,500 depressions to a page. To write 15 of such pages, which is usually considered a fair day's work, the typewriter must depress the keys 22,500 times, which multiplied by six, the number of ounces a depression, and this again divided by 16, the number of ounces a pound, will give the astonishing result of 3,425 pounds of energy expended.

This really does not amount to much as compared with other labour, yet the result is marvellous enough to cause the eyes of many a fair typewriter to open wide with wonder at her own greatness.

Patterns.

Any pattern contained in these pages may be obtained by enclosing price and addressing S. Frank Wilson, 73 to 81 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. In ordering be careful to state size required, as we cannot change patterns that have been opened.

The Ulverston police on Tuesday morning obtained information of the suicide of a woman named Alice Hall, of Swartmoor, aged 37 years. On Monday night Mrs. Hall and her baby were missed, the former having left a note behind stating—"I am tired of this sort of work; you'll find me in the beck." On a search being made the woman, with the infant tightly clasped to her breast, was found floating in Pennington Beck.

PERSONALS.

The young Polish Countess Wanda von Sacawinska has just received the degree of M. D. from the University of Geneva. She will practise medicine in Poland.

Horse and camel raising afford the King of Italy amusement and profit, and he has large and choice herds of them on his estate at Piza.

Among the gifts which the Empress of Germany received at the recent christening of her baby was a $15,000 set of diamonds from the Emperor of Austria.

Lady Burton's revised version of Sir Richard Burton's translation of the *Arabian Nights* is the edition from which the ex-Emperor Dom Pedro is making a Portuguese translation

Marquis Rudini, Italy's new Premier, was Mayor of Palermo at the time when President Lincoln was assassinated, and had one of the streets of the city named after the great martyr.

It is said that Mr. Rudyard Kipling will repeat his hunting expedition through British Columbia and the United States during the coming spring, before his journey to India with his parents in the summer.

Mrs. Rider Haggard accompanies her husband on his trip to Mexico in search of material for his story of the Aztec Empire. Mr. Haggard's plans of action while in Mexico are still vague, but he will devote some time to the study of Mexican archæology.

Mrs. Mary Lowell, a practical electrician, has invented a contrivance by which she is enabled to light her kitchen fire from her bedroom. A wire connects her chamber with the kitchen, and pressure upon a knob creates an electric spark that lights the previously prepared kitchen fire.

Mrs. McShane, the wife of Montreal's new Mayor, is said to be the most beautiful and most popular woman in Montreal, and it was largely due to her that he was elected. Never before have so many women cast votes at a civic election as this year. Mrs. McShane is an American by birth.

Miss Frances Willard's long practice in presiding at public meetings has given her an ease of manner in the chair that many a man might envy. She is among the few women who produce the impression of being no more embarrassed when acting as chairman for a large assembly than she would feel with a single guest in her own drawing-room.

The young German Empress is given to wearing jackets and dresses much trimmed with braid, not so much because of its military air, which she admires, as because she hopes by establishing this fashion to force manufacturers to employ skilled needle women at good pay for the fine work required.

Miss Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, is about to attempt a journey through Thibet. This singular and interesting country, always jealously closed against the outer barbarian, has again and again thwarted the well-laid plans of some of the greatest men travellers of our time. As the members of the Inland Mission wear the Chinese dress, and observe the Chinese customs in their daily walk and conversation, it is thought not improbable that Miss Taylor may succeed in adding her name to those of intrepid women travellers.

Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, the successful Browning reader, led a romping out-door life as a child, and it was not until she broke her arm in a hoidenish escapade, when she was about twelve years old, that she developed any facility in acquiring book knowledge. The perusal of a chapter in the Bible daily was imposed upon her as a penalty for her tomboy tendencies by her mother, and from this the girl gained the taste for reading and love for literature which culminated in her choice of a profession. Her fondness for Browning was deepened by her acquaintance with the poet during one of her visits to England.

A summer school of art has been projected by Mrs. W. S. Hoyt, and she is seconded in her scheme by Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Austin Corbin, Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie, Mr. Stanford White, and a number of other equally well-known men and women. The teachers of the new Shinnecock Hills school are to be Miss Lydia T. Emmett and Mr. W. M. Chase. Two large farm-houses, commanding a fine view of the ocean, have been engaged, and in these art students will find good lodging and food at a low price. A house-keeper will manage domestic affairs, and the belief is that the pupils will progress much faster in out-of-door study than in a studio.

It is queer what wonders usage will work. Out at Medicine Hat, on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, the station agent has charge of an enormous grizzly bear—an animal that all well informed sportsmen regard as the most vicious, fearless, and dangerous wild animal on earth. The station agent may appreciate this fact or he may not, but, at all events, he has got the grizzly to take care of, and in a year the only harm it has done was when he tore a little girl's leg most frightfully. The agent says that "grizzlies are easy to handle if you have the right tool by you. The thing you want is a base ball bat. When they get fractious you hit 'em a whack on the skull with a bat, and you can do anything you please with them."

Correspondence has been going on for some time in the New York *Tribune* respecting the cruel use of the check-rein on carriage horses, with particular reference to those who have to wait outside fashionable churches in New York for their masters. The passion for "style" leads to a good deal of unnecessary cruelty, and the contention of most of those who have written upon the subject is that while the master is having his spiritual comfort attended to inside the church, his equine servant on the exterior of the edifice should have his bodily comfort considered.

Coffee Drinkers

According to statistics lately taken of the amount of coffee consumed by the different countries of Europe, the Dutchman is the most ardent coffee drinker. Each person in Holland consumes on an average 16½lbs per year. The next on the list is the Belgian, who drinks just about half the quantity, or a little over 8lbs per head. Then follow the Norwegian, with 6¾lbs; then the States of North America, 6¼lbs per head; and afterwards the Swiss with 6lbs 1oz. The German consumes 4¾lbs per head, or two pounds more per person than the Frenchman, who has the reputation of being a great coffee drinker In Austria only 2lbs per person is consumed, but this is partly accounted for by the fact that the peasantry and the poorer classes mostly drink soup or barley coffee for breakfast. Each Italian drinks rather less than half-a-pound annually, and the Spanish a little over a quarter of a pound. The Englishman consumes nearly half-a-pound a year, while the Russian contents himself with one-fifth of a pound.

Respecting His Dying Wish.

Strolling through a well known cemetery in a melancholy mood, not long since, I observed a lady, dressed in the deepest mourning, sitting by a newly-made grave, which she was fanning with a large palm-leaf fan, says a writer. I approached, and with an air of the greatest sympathy, asked the lady why she was thus employed. "Alas," replied the mourner, her eyes bathed in tears. "How can I live when my husband—the dearest and best of men—lies buried in this grave? With his expiring breath he told me not to marry again until the earth over his grave should be dry; he was buried on Monday, and I have spent two whole days in carrying out his wishes, by trying to dry his grave with my fan; for I am determined not to marry till the earth over his beloved remains is dry, even though it should take a week!"

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

Makes the Weak Strong

The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength from which there must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, but in the most natural way Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes

That Tired Feeling

creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, gives great bodily, nerve, mental and digestive strength.

"I derived very much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I took for general debility. It built me right up, and gave me an excellent appetite." ED. JENKINS, Mt. Savage, Md.

Fagged Out

"Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it." R. C. BECOLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.

Worn Out

"Hood's Sarsaparilla restored me to good health. Indeed, I might say truthfully it saved my life. To one feeling tired and worn out I would earnestly recommend a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. PIERRE MOSHER, 20 Brooks Street, East Boston, Mass.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Insist upon having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

A War Reminiscence.

It was in the year 1813, one of the darkest periods of the war. The American army seemed bound by sheer force of numbers to crush out all opposition. Toronto had fallen. The disastrous battle of Moravian Town had been fought, Tecumseh, the noblest of our Indian allies, was slain. The heroic Brock had long since yielded up his life. General Vincent, with a small force, was compelled to retire towards Burlington Heights, pursued by an arrogant and overwhelming army of the invaders. Lawless hordes roamed at will over the country. Many of our volunteers had been compelled to return home to provide good shelter and protection for their loved ones. Yet there was no thought of yielding to the foe, and all were ready to rally at the call of their trusted leaders when an opportunity offered for striking a successful blow. At this time a widow woman whom we will call Mrs. L— resided near Lyons Creek, in the county of Welland, on a farm laid waste by marauding bands. Many of her nearest of kin had suffered and bled in bygone years for their loyalty to the old flag. Yet she was willing still to manifest her loyalty by all the lawful means in her power. Hence she had cheerfully consented that her only grown up son should take his place in the ranks to resist the foe from whom she had hoped the soil of Canada would be a safe refuge.

Having occasion to visit a neighbor some miles distant, she started one morning accompanied by one of her sons, an active lad of 12 years, who volunteered to go on in advance and ascertain whether her pathway was free from danger and insult from lurking foes. They had gone some distance, the boy in advance, when suddenly he heard some one conversing with his mother who was concealed from him by a bend in the road. Hastily returning he saw by her side a soldierly looking man whom he recognized as a well known officer of the Canadian Militia. "Where did you come from?" said the boy, mortified to think his sharp eyes had failed to detect any lurking friend or foe. "It might not be best for me to tell where I came from or where I go sometimes, my lad," replied the officer. "Well, you weren't here when I passed by," said the boy. "Perhaps no one else was here either," said the officer, and sounding a whistle a dozen or more men stood erect on either side of the roadway, all wearing the well known uniform and cockade of the Canadian Flank Companies. If the widow and son were startled it was but for a moment, for they instantly realized that they were surrounded not by enemies but friends. Continuing the conversation the officer said: "You expect your son home to-night?" "Yes, I am sure he will come, replied the widow." "Well, tell him I want him and all the members of his company that can be collected to-morrow night at D—Corners, Stamford road, 9 o'clock sharp!"

He then separated his men and dispatched them to various localities commissioned to speak to the proper parties the welcome words, "Men, you are wanted! to-morrow night D—Corners, 9 o'clock sharp!"

At this time there was an American battalion having a general good time of it not many miles distant. With (as they supposed) no enemy near them worth respecting. They had such a "make yourself at home" sort of way about them that one could fancy they were impressed with the idea that individually and collectively they owned the whole country. Making free use of such supplies as were in reach, they were politic enough to offer good inducements to the farmers for additional supplies.

The day following the commencement of our tale an old Dutchman appeared at headquarters with a fine load of cabbages for sale. He was received with much civility and had no difficulty in disposing of his load.

Having informed them that he had more for sale they urged him to come again next day, but he had other important work to attend to and could not promise to come. He finally agreed to come that night. When about to drive away they informed him that he could not come to headquarters without the countersign in the night time. He was much disgusted with such nonsense as the "compersign," as he called it, but finally appeared to comprehend its meaning. There could surely be no danger in giving the important word to an honest old Dutchman, so it was imparted to him ere he wended his way homeward.

It may well be supposed the officers had a hearty laugh at the simplicity of the old Dutchman. They doubtless relished his cabbage, however, and well they might, for they had paid for the same like gentlemen. They could not think of cheating an honest old Dutchman, nor for a moment fancy him capable of cheating them.

As the shades of night are falling upon the American camp after the various routine duties pertaining to the same are performed, all is soon quiet and peaceful within and without its boundaries. Songs are sung and tales are told, and soon five or six hundred men lay down to rest and dream perchance of homes far away on the verdant slopes of the Green Mountain's the banks of the Ohio or in the beautiful valley of the Genesee. Homes which they should never have left on a mission of spoliation and conquest among a hitherto free and friendly people, homes which many of them will never see more.

A few miles distant in a south westerly direction, a different scene might meet the view of a close observer. Squads of men are silently gathering towards a common centre. They issue from lanes byroads and forest paths, and among them the word is spoken in whisper, "D—Corners, Stamford road, nine o'clock sharp."

At the common rendezvous a band of bold, determined men are soon gathered fully armed and equipped for the entertainment of their American visitors, and silently they move eastward at the word of command.

12 o'clock in the American camp and all is quiet save the regular tramp of the sentry and the occasional distant movements of patrol parties. Suddenly a few musket shots about the camp, a wild alarm is raised and hundreds of bewildered men spring to their feet in dishabille to be confronted by gleaming bayonets and hear the stern command. "Surrender or we fire!"

No true Canadian of the present day could wish to gloat over the agony of a baffled and defeated foe, hence we will not describe the scene which followed. Garneau, the Canadian historian, refering to this event says: "The chief of an American battalion, thinking his men surrounded by a superior force surrendered at discretion to lieutenant Fitzgibbon." If the annals of the old settlers are true the Americans did not submit without a desperate struggle. A majority of them surrendered. Others managed to break away and escape while many half naked men made a most determined rush upon their Canadian foes and met with a soldier's death upon the soil they had wantonly invaded.

It is a noteworthy fact that at this critical period of the war three clever defeats were inflicted on the enemy in quick succession by our brave defenders, with very limited means, namely, that of Harvey near Burlington Heights, when Generals Chandler and Winder were taken prisoners; that of Fitzgibbon near Queenston, and the surprise and destruction of Black Rock by Colonel Bishop.

Many tales of bravery and endurance might be handed down to posterity of the pioneers of our country, but chief among them should always be the way Lieutenant Fitzgibbon played a Yankee trick upon the Yankees in the War of 1812.

Sagacious Monster.

Arthur Clay sends to the London *Spectator* the following instance of the sagacity of the elephant. It was told me, he says, by Mr. Quay—at the time a non-commissioned officer in the First battalion of the Sixtieth rifles, but now one of her majesty's yeomen of the guard. In 1853 his regiment was marching from Peshawur to Kopulvie, and was accompanied by a train of elephants. It was the duty of the mahout in charge of each elephant to prepare twenty chupatties, or flat cakes made of coarse flour, for his charge. When the twenty chupatties were ready they were placed before the elephant, who during the process of counting never attempted to touch one of them until the full number was completed. On the occasion related by Mr. Quay one of the elephants had seized the opportunity of his mahout's attention being distracted for a moment to steal and swallow one of the chupatties. When the mahout, having finished the preparation, began to count them out he of course discovered the theft and presented his charge with nineteen in place of the usual number. The elephant instantly appreciated the fact of there being one less than he had a right to expect, and refused to touch them, expressing his indignation by loud trumpetings. This brought the conductor of the elephant line (with whom Mr. Quay had been in conversation) on the scene. Having heard the explanation of the mahout, the conductor decided that the mahout was in fault for not keeping a better lookout, and ordered him to provide the twentieth cake at his own cost. When this was prepared and added to the pile the elephant at once accepted and ate them

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

A Child's Corpse Preserved

About one month ago the courts decreed that the bodies interred in the Methodist Protestant cemetery in Avondale, near Cincinnati, should be removed, and last week the work began. Yesterday morning an iron casket about three feet long was taken out of the earth and placed in the vault. It so happened that the casket had a lid over the glass, and the lid was fastened by one rivet only. This was rusted, however, and at first the lid could not be moved aside until one of the workmen happened to jostle it a little roughly, when to his surprise it sprung open and exposed to view the remains of a beautiful child that lay as if asleep.

In the afternoon the remains were seen by a reporter, who accompanied the casket to Spring Grove, where it was re-interred after being viewed by

THE ONLY LIVING RELATIVE

of the dead child, a sister, who still lives in Cincinnati. The story of the dead child, as told by the sister (who does not wish her name disclosed), is a strange one. Said she: "My sister died before I was born. She was buried at first in Wesleyan cemetery in November, 1856, but on that place being abandoned the casket was removed to Avondale. It happened that at the time of the removal—twenty-six years ago—I was old enough to accompany my parents, both of whom attended the removal. I was quite small, but I recollect very well that the lid was turned aside and that great pains were taken to show me the body of my dead sister. My mother declared that there had not been a particle of change in the features in the nine years. To me they seemed rounder and plumper than they did today. At that time the hair was a rich golden color, but I see it has changed to a dark red. My sister was just 4 years old when she died. She was always a delicate child, and was remarkably precocious. There was no embalming, and the body was simply wrapped in a shroud and placed in a hermetically sealed casket. My father and mother have been dead many years, and I am the only relative to accompany

LITTLE CLARA'S REMAINS

to their third resting place. I can assure you that it was not an unpleasant task to come out here and see my dead sister, and I am delighted to find her remains so wonderfully preserved. When this removal was made years ago my father took great care to keep the discovery of the marvelous preservation a secret from the public, and for this reason it was never found out."

The reporter scanned the features of the dead child very closely. The color of the skin has not changed in the least, and all who saw it declared that the flesh was as life-like as could be. The delicate eyebrows and eyelashes were still intact, and even the place of meeting of the lids could be seen distinctly. A closer scrutiny of the face showed the open pores. The mouth was not as perfect as it might have been, owing to the body being slightly twisted, presumably by the frequent handling it had received.

UNDERNEATH THE CHIN,

as if peeping out, could be seen something green. It resembled a rose leaf, but was probably the end of a ribbon that had been tied about the neck. The shroud was of a delicate pinkish white color, and its texture was plainly visible. All over it the nap of the woollen cloth could be seen slightly elevated, while the folds in the winding-sheet were as perfect as when finally left by the mother's hands.

The hair, as has been stated, was of a reddish cast. It lay perfectly smooth over the little head, and was parted and combed to either side, and had the appearance of having been done only recently. The place where the coffin lay was a low, wet spot. The soil is a yellow clay, and when the grave was opened the casket was completely incased in the sticky mud, which had to be peeled off. Everything about the body betokened moisture, and little beads of water could be seen standing on the hair and shroud, while the face had a wet, clammy appearance and seemed to be of the consistency of dough. Supt. Van Zandt, who is attending to the removal of the bodies, is of the opinion that if air should strike the body it would dissolve and lose its shape at once. It is the opinion of all who saw it that there is nothing left but a thin shell.

London is full of highly-cultured gentlemen, both young and middle-aged, who are able to do almost anything except earn a subsistence.

A stern father in Keya Paha county, Neb., with a large family of girls, has passed the cold edict that each beau who frequents his domicile through the Winter must contribute a load of sawed stove wood.

White Slavery in Russia.

The writers (for there are evidently more than one) of the articles on Russia, which have appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* under the *nom de plume* of E. B. Lanin, have framed a terrible indictment against the Government of that country, both from an economic and a moral standpoint. The last article, which is devoted to Russian finance, describes the racking of the peasantry; and, after reading it, the conclusion likely to be arrived at is that whatever the oppression to which the Jews in Russia may be subjected, their condition cannot be worse than that of the peasants, who are forced to yield not only their flocks and herds, their crops and labour, homes and home-life, but also at last their very life-blood, at the bidding of the Czar. There has been, it is true, a rapid development of industrial manufactures in the Russian Empire, and the manufacturers have wonderfully prospered under the Government's commercial policy; but there are other important points of view from which the economic position of a country may be studied, and the chief of these in the present case is the state of agriculture. The agricultural class in Russia is carrying on a desperate struggle against adverse conditions. The land has been rapidly losing its productiveness, and has been in many places thoroughly exhausted; yet in proportion as the profits have diminished the taxes have been steadily increased. To pay these taxes the peasant is compelled to borrow at a high rate of interest, and in some districts it has become a regular custom for whole communities to borrow money for this purpose at 60 per cent. interest, although we are told that 100 per cent. is the usual rate of interest, and that in many cases from 300 to 800 per cent. has been obtained! Many wretches who have borrowed money and repaid it several times over have been obliged to sell their labour for the ensuing harvest, and others have been forced to toil for a number of years in the service of their "benefactor," who is called the "soul-dealer." These dealers scour the country in search of children, whom they buy from needy parents for a trifle and forward to St. Petersburg, where they are resold for double and treble the money to manufacturers and shopkeepers. Nothing even remotely approaching prosperity is visible in any corner of the Empire. Mendacity is becoming the profession of hundreds of thousands. Moneyless, friendless, helpless and almost hopeless, the peasantry are rising up every year in tens of thousands and migrating to the south, to the west, anywhere, not knowing whither they are drifting, nor caring for the fate that may await them. The moral effect of these hard conditions upon the peasants of the young generation is admitted even by Russian newspapers to be truly horrible. Sons persecute their fathers, and drunken fathers dissipate their property and abandon their families to despair. "This," one Russian official says in his report, "is not a proletariat; it is a return to savagery. No trace of any thing human has remained."—[Philadelphia Record.

Travellers in Egypt.

Just at the time when hotel proprietors in the South of France and the Riviera are bemoaning the fact that most of their hotels are comparatively empty and their district deserted, the hotel proprietors of Cairo and Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son are having to exercise all their ingenuity to find room to accommodate the great influx of visitors to Egypt. The result is that at the present time all the Cairo hotels are crowded, and the manager of each has had to take private rooms for a considerable number of guests, and Messrs Thomas Cook & Son have had to throw open their large steamer Rameses, the mail steamer Amenartas, and the Oonus as floating hotels to relieve the hotel proprietors for a few days during the pressure on them, which was considerably augmented by the large number of travellers from the Augusta Victoria, who went to Cairo and visited Sakkara, the Pyramids, &c., and have now left to visit Palestine. It may be mentioned that between the 7th and 10th of Faburary no fewer than 250 first class passengers left Cairo, under the arrangements of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, for Upper Egypt, including 32 by the regular mail service from Assiout, and 33 by the new mail service leaving Cairo. At the present time Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son calculate tha they have on the river and in the hotels at Luxur at least 700 travellers. This is the greatest number of tourists that has ever been recorded on the river at any one date, and there is no doubt that the large amount of money circulated in Upper Egypt will be fully appreciated by the natives and will be of great benefit to the country.—[Egyptain Gazette.

In No-Man's-Land.

"Fellers, they air goin' to run to-night." As he uttered this prophecy the old tallyman eyed a big dun brute that walked out alone for a few steps, threw his muzzle toward the north and after a few preliminary sniffs gave that long, low, peculiar half moan, half bellow, that old cow hands have learned means foul weather ahead. Having thus sounded the warning, as it were, the animal turned back and was soon lost in the mighty herd that was nervously cropping the grass that grew fetlock high.

Old Joe, the speaker, turned in his saddle and began to scan the horizon. As he caught sight of a cloud no larger than your hand that was just beginning to show itself away to the northwest, he repeated the prophecy, and added: "An' I don't think we'll have any kick a comin' about the dust termorrer, either."

The time was in the seventies, the locality, No-Man's-Land, and we were on the old Dodge trial, with 1,690 beeves, bound for Ogalalla. The herd had been put up some six weeks before on the Brazos. At Red River crossing we had picked up a bunch that had been lost out of a previous drove belonging to the same company. These steers were placed in our herd against the advice of old Joe. "They air ole stampeders, and they'll spile the whole herd. Let them wait for one of them dogie outfits behind us."

When it came to cattle, and especially trail cattle, the old man was an authority. Among the "kids" his word on any subject pertaining to stock was accepted as gospel.

However, the foreman determined to risk it, and in they went. The addition had been made only a few days when a change began to be noticed. The veriest tenderfoot could see that the herd was growing uneasy and restless. Instead of grazing from the bed grounds when we threw them off the trail, they would ramble in bunches. If a herder attempted to hold them up they would either stop and stare at him or else turn and travel to the further side. Where we formerly watered in any creek or fair-sized pond, it now required a river or lake. Most of us looked for trouble any night, while the few doubters were silenced by the colored horse wrangler, who expressed his views as follows:

"Uv cose dey is gwine ter run, for ole Joe done sed it, and he's rep' is at stake: an' dey is gwine ter run ef de old man haster git down ermong 'em some night wid de slicker."

At supper that evening but little was said: even the cook's yarns, told in his inimitable style, fell flat. Every few minutes our foreman would cast uneasy glances at the great black clouds that were slowly rising in the north-west. Instead of picketing the horses, as was the custom, the animals were saddled and tied to the wagon, or to bushes close by.

The first guard had hardly more than taken charge when the rest of the outfit prepared to roll in. The cook, after tying a lantern to the tongue, climbed in the wagon, tied the sheet down, and thanked the Lord that he was a cook. The wrangler found a place under the coupling pole that suited his complexion, while the riders unstrapped their little "hot roll" on the ground and piled in without removing even boots and spurs.

For some reason I was restless and unable to sleep. All the slumber-producing receipts were tried in vain. I lay on my back and watched the clouds obscure star after star until the whole heavens were hid. I counted the number of rounds the guards were making, and then fell to watching the lightning and trying to judge how far it was off by seeing how many I could count before I heard the thunder that followed every flash.

After a while, growing weary of this, I turned toward the fire; by it sat one of the guards sipping strong coffee between whiffs at his cigarette. The rattle of the chains on his spurs and bit as his horse jogged along told the whereabouts of another, while the wild Spanish song that floated from the far side of the bed ground indicated that "Little Jack," in thoughts at least, was with his black-eyed sweetheart on the distant Rio Grande.

I closed my eyes for a few minutes and when I looked again the guard had left the fire, Little Jack's song was finished, and the only song from the bed ground was the deep breathing of some animal that had just lain down. The thunder had ceased for a few minutes, and the hoof of an owl in the cottonwood made the darkness still darker and the night more dreary.

As I dozed off Old Joe's words kept ringing in my head: "There ain't no danger es long es any of 'em air up an' a-grazin', but when they air all down, an' it's that quiet you kin hear your own heart beat, then yon wanter git ready ter ride."

I was still semi-conscious when I heard a roar like a mighty tornado and sprang up as some one shouted:

"They are gone, fellows! They are gone!"

In less than a minute every man was in the saddle and rushing after the fleeing herd. No need to ask the way: the trained night horses knew their duty, and are straining every nerve. The lightning's play is grand; electricity is everywhere: flames dance along the mane, a ball of fire gleams on each ear tip. By the flashes the riders locate the lay of the land in front.

Soon we begin passing the drags. No need to look after them; they'll follow, and the real work is on ahead. Far away, in front, above the roar of cattle and thunder, the guards can be heard singing and shouting to the maddened herd. As we dash on the sounds appear to be coming more and more from the left; the leaders are being pressed around, and soon by a flash we see them coming; right in front of the crazed animals, looking like a ghost in his long white slicker, his fiery little night horse lunging and fighting for his head, rode Little Jack, singing, calling, and swearing by turns.

By a concerted action, in which good luck, stout lungs and heavy quirts all play important parts, the herd is thrown together and the milling begins. Around and around they go, each animal with its head over the rump of the one just in front—no beginning, no end, just a solid mass, staring, moaning, as only stampeded cattle can. Balls of fire leap from horn to horn. The cowboys are seated on their horses still as statues, all forming a picture that can't be duplicated. The order is passed along to "Give more room!" the riders fall back the "mill" ceases, and soon is heard a series of coughs; "Jess clearin' their pipes for another dash," some one says.

Now the rain begins first slow, than increasing, till finally it is coming in a driving sheet. With the first drops the cattle turn and begin drifting with the storm, all the riders getting in front and endeavoring to hold them back.

"If we kin only hold 'em till their hides get wet I b'lieve we've got 'em," Old Joe says.

But it wasn't to be. Something gives them a scare and away they go. No sooner are the leaders checked than others turn leaders, and the whole herd goes thundering after them. Another mill is formed and the same performance gone over again. Once a buffalo trail filled with water checks them, again an arroyo running breast beep is no obstacle. During a lull between runs an animal walks out alone toward the riders. By a flash Old Joe recognizes the dun steer that gave the warning, and immediately the old man accuses the brute of being the instigator of all the trouble, and vows that he must die to-morrow.

So the night wears away. The runs grow shorter: occasionally an animal begins to eat. The rain is over, though the clouds still hang heavy. The lightning has ceased, and the riders sit still and motionless, unable to see even the heads of the horses they ride. Water stands everywhere, and the cattle begin grazing in all directions. The foreman gives orders to ride away, as our presence would only serve to stir up and scatter the herd.

Some unsaddle, roll up in their wet blankets, and sleep. Others ligh pipes and cigarettes and begin watching for signs of the coming morning. With the first gray streaks in the east horses are saddled and the crew gather around for orders; then for the first time it is discovered that two men are missing. The outfit scatters, and, as soon as it is light enough to see, begin throwing together all cattle in sight. The practised eyes soon discover that we are "out" a part of the herd. Herders are selected from those whose horses are most jaded and the rest scatter again, this time to "cut for sign." A big trail is soon located and the finder makes this fact known by riding back and forth upon it. It is easily followed through the deep mud and broken weeds. Here where the ground is tramped in all directions is where the boys "milled" them. Again where the arroyo makes a bend they held them awhile. As we gain an elevation over which the trail ran two miles away we see the missing men and cattle. The bunch is driven to the main herd and camp located by the smoke, which is raising straight as a chimney.

After a hot breakfast, during which all tell their experiences of the night, and Old Joe swears for the hundredth time that this is his last trip on the trail, beds are dried, fresh horses are caught, the herd is tallied and found correct, and once more we head for Ogalalla.

Fur-Bearing Seal's Habits.

Most of the seals are killed on the Pribyloff islands, but they winter further south and spend much of the year going and coming on the great intervening ocean. So it is easy for poaching vessels to intercept them and slay them by wholesale, and if all who wish are permitted to club the silky mammal while swimming in the Behring sea to and from their northern breeding place the race will soon be exterminated.

Half of the sealskin sacques in the world come from these Pribyloff islands lying in Behring sea, 200 miles from the main land. The two principal ones are mere islets—St. Paul and St. George—each ten or twelve miles long and half as broad. For two months in the summer of each year the Aleuts or natives kill seals and skin them; the other ten they lie around in the twilight, never going to bed or taking off their clothes night or day, gossiping, eating and getting drunk on quass. They eat ravenously, averaging two pounds of seal meat a day for every man, woman and child, in addition to vast quantities of other food.

Up to last year they took about 100,000 skins a year, and the United States treasury received $3 for each skin. The net result is that the government has received from the commercial company during the last twenty years nearly as much as was paid to Russia for the whole of Alaska in 1868. So Seward's purchase is vindicated. It was unquestionably a good bargain to pay $7,200,000 for this vast peninsula whose sources of wealth are not even guessed at, much less developed.

In the beneficent or malevolent economy of nature and commerce there are twice as many females as males in the seal community, so polygamy flourishes.

In the spring the adult seals come swimming back from their mysterious tropical visit, accompanied by a million of the young pups of the previous summer, and the Pribyloff islands are very lively once more—lively and reverberant with roars of anger and of friendly greeting.

Mostly roars of anger, for every male seal is the foreordained enemy of all other male seals, and must defend with his strength and often with his life the position he has assumed on the rocks as his particular seraglio. Here he gathers his harem, one by one, and here, in a few weeks, the young are born. Some of these bulls exhibit the same desperate courage and insensibility to pain as is shown by the Indian brave who is hamstrung and hauled up to a tree top by the quivering sinews. One was pointed out to the government agent who had survived forty or fifty pitched battles with as many antagonists and still held his place, covered with scars and frightfully gashed, raw, festering and bloody, one eye gouged out and a fore flapper torn to ribbons, but yet lording it stubbornly over his harem of fifteen or twenty females, huddled admiringly around him. The fighting is done mostly with the mouth. They seize each other with their canine teeth, always leaving ugly, and sometimes fatal wounds.

The male seals arrive from the south first, and are followed by the pretty little females some weeks thereafter.

There are two or three classes of male seals which are deprived of the delights and refining influences of female society. There are young bachelors who have never yet had the courage to go in and fight for a claim, being apparently compelled to remain at a respectful and safe distance from the potent brown and tawny seniors. These young fellows haul out in crowds of thousands close to the water a short distance from the seraglios. They are from 1 to 4 or 5 years old, and they alternate their pastimes between lying on their backs among the rocks, where they fan their heated bodies with a hind flipper if it is a warm day, and getting down into the water in front of old Turk's summer residences and endeavoring with varying success to draw the females into sly flirtations. Notwithstanding the fierce jealousy with which these wives are watched and guarded, and contrary to what would be expected from their meek and sanctified appearance, there are breaches of decorum occasionally which no conscientious person would attempt to defend.

In case of elopement the gay Lothario is generally handled generously according to the custom of the world in such cases, and his guilty partner treated with great severity. Her lord and master will gallop through the family, knocking his other wives right and left and running over the babies in his anger, and overtaking the fugitive female, thrashing her so soundly with his flippers that she puts up her little nose to his and kisses him in token of submission and reformation and creeps back apparently subdued and penitent.

Bacteria.

Our systematic knowledge of the bacteria is still so meagre, so many species and doubtless so many families of them have never yet come into the range of human vision, and our glimpses of their life powers have been so fragmentary, that as yet we can only try to bring a little temporary order out of the chaos by grouping them according to their shapes.

We find, when we muster all the forms which have as yet been seen, that they all fall into one of three classes: spheroidal, rod-like, or spiral.

Further subdivisions of these classes have been made, and generic and specific names attached to many hundreds of forms; but over these details we need not linger now. How they look and what they do is here of more importance than what we call them.

Although with the ordinary microscopic powers the bacteria look like little balls or straight or spirital rods, we find, when we use the most powerful and perfect lenses, that they consist of a minute mass of granular protoplasm surrounded by a thin structureless membrane.

When we put them under favorable conditions for growth, and give them food enough, they may be seen to divide across the middle, each portion soon becoming larger and again dividing, so that it has been calculated that a single germ, if kept under favorable conditions, might at the end of two days have added to the number of the world's living beings 281,500,000,000 new individual bacteria. In fact, if this sort of thing went on for a few weeks unhindered there would be very little room left on the earth's surface for any other forms of life, and pretty much all the carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen which is available for life purposes in the world would be used up. There would be a corner in life stuff, and even the master, man, would be forced to the wall, and become the victim of his insatiable fellow-worlder, the bacterium. But, as it happens, this sort of thing does not go on; the food grows scanty; or the temperature becomes unfavorable; or the sun shines hot—and the sun is a sore enemy of your growing bacterium; or, as it grows and feeds, the germ gives off various chemical substances which often soon poison itself, or its fellows, or both together. So the proportion is preserved by such a fine balance of the natural forces that, prolific as they are, the bacteria in the long-run are held closely within bounds the world over.

Porpoises.

The gregarious porpoise, or *Phocæna communis*, is one of the most jolly and careless fishes in the sea. He is hardly ever found alone, but delights to join great roaming parties, and scour the fishing coasts running into all the coves and bays along the route and sometimes entering the mouths of tidal divers, in pursuit of other fishes. But even when a great herd of porpoises is in pursuit of a "school" of capelan, herring, tomcod, seatrout or other fish, it will stop its march to play.

The gregarious porpoise is known by various names along the coasts of Labrador, Newfoundland, the maritime provinces of Canada, and New England. The best-known of these names are puffing-pigs, herring-hogs, sea-hogs, and roundheads. The porpoise is from four to six feet long, with a thick round body, and black, shining, hairless skin. When he is above water for some time, with the hot sun shining upon him, his bare hide fairly glistens with oil, and if you pass to leeward of him in a boat you catch his strong oily smell. Like the whale, he is obliged to rise to the surface regularly to breathe, and he sends his breath through a blow-hole situated on the top of his head. When breathing through this curious funnel he makes a puffing, labored sort of noise, which accounts for one of his names. If you should see him alone on a fine day in some little cove, he would look exactly like a big black pot turned bottom up bobbing up and down. He has from forty to fifty teeth, a wide mouth, and an astonishing stomach. But he has the smallest ear to be found, I suppose, on any beast of his size. It is no bigger than a pinhole, and is placed just about an inch behind his eye. But small as it is, no fish that swims the sea has sharper hearing, and none will more quickly take alarm at the slightest sound.

On Monday the Rev. Bro. Carroll, Cistercian monk, staying at Mount St. Joseph, the convent of the brotherhood at Tullamore, went to bathe in the lake situated in a wood adjoining the convent. He was seized with cramp and was drowned. His finding of his clothes and a towel on the bank led to the discovery of the painful occurrence.

A Thrilling Story.

Here is something I heard related this week in a Montmartre tavern. To repeat it to you with proper effect I ought to have the Faubourg vocabulary of Maitre Belisaire, his huge cabinetmaker's apron and two or three glasses of that excellent Montmartre white wine, capable of giving the Paris accent even to a native of Marseilles. I should then be certain to send through your veins the shiver I felt on hearing Belisaire relate at a table surrounded by his comrades this lugubrious and truthful story:

"It was the day after the amnesty (Belisaire meant to say the armistice). My wife had sent us both, myself and child, to take a turn in the direction of Villeneuve-la-Garenne to see what had become of a little barrack we owned down there at the water's edge and concerning which we had heard nothing since the siege. It vexed me to take the boy along. I knew that we were going to find ourselves among the Prussians and as I had never yet seen any of them face to face I was afraid I might have words with them. But the lad's mother stuck to her notion. "Get along with you! Get along with you!" said she. 'It will give the child a chance to take the air.'

"The fact is that he needed the air, the poor little fellow, after his six months' experience of the siege of dampness.

"Well, we both started out across the fields. I don't know whether the boy was pleased to see that there were still trees and birds or whether he played among the cultivated lands. As for me, I did not go there with such good will; there were too many pointed helmets upon the roads. From the canal to the isle helmets only were met with. It was as much as a man could do to keep from striking them! But what I felt most enraged was as I entered Villeneuve, where I saw our poor gardens all in confusion, the houses opened, sacked, and all those Prussians installed in our homes, calling to each other from window to window and drying their knit woolen jackets upon our Venetian blinds, upon our arbors. Fortunate it was that the child was walking beside me, for every time my hand itched to give a blow I thought to myself as I glanced at him: "Go slow there, Belisaire! Take care that no harm comes to the youngster!' That alone prevented me from making a fool of myself. Then I understood why it was that my wife had insisted on my bringing him with me.

"The barrack was at the end of the village, the last house at the right-hand side upon the quay. I found it emptied from top to bottom like the rest. Not an article of furniture, not a pane of glass, nothing but a few bundles of straw and the last remaining foot of my great arm-chair, that was smouldering in the fire-place. Everything everywhere suggested the Prussians, but not one of them could I see anywhere. However, it seemed to me that something was moving down in the cellar. I had a little work-bench there at which I amused myself with making guncracks on Sunday. I told the child to wait for me and went down to see what was going on.

"No sooner had I opened the door than a tall drunkard of a soldier of William arose from a pile of shavings and came toward me, his eyes bulging out of his head, with a storm of words I could not understand. He must have awakened very wicked, for at the first word I strove to speak to him he began to draw his sabre

"Instantly my blood was up. All the anger I had been gathering for an hour past leaped into my face. I tore the holdfast from the work-bench and struck. You know, comrades, whether Belisaire had a strong wrist at ordinary times; but that day it appeared that I had God's thunder at the end of my arm. At the first blow my Prussian dropped and displayed his full length. I believed him merely stunned. Ah! well, yes! Sweep away the useless rubbish! Clean up the place with potash!

"To me, who had never killed anything in my life, not even a lark, it brought an exceedingly strange sensation to see this great body lying before me. A handsome, flaxen-haired fellow, ma foi, with a little downy beard that curled like ash-shavings. It made my legs tremble beneath me to look at him. During this time the lad grew tired of waiting and I heard him shouting with all his might at the top of the stairs, 'Papa! Papa!'

"Some Prussians were passing along the road. I saw their sabers and their long legs through the cellar window. Suddenly this idea occurred to me: 'If they enter the child is lost. They will kill us both.' That put an end to my agitation. I trembled no longer. I quickly thrust the Prussian under the work-bench. I piled on him on all the boards, shavings and sawdust I could find. Then I hastened up the stairs to the impatient lad.

"'Here I am,' I said.

"'What's the matter, papa? How pale you look!' cried he.

"'Come away! come away!' said I.

"And I assure you that the Uhlans might have overthrown me or eyed me with contempt and I would not have protested. It constantly seemed to me that they were running and shouting behind us. Once I heard a horse approaching at a rapid gallop; I thought that I would sink to the ground from sheer fright. However, after passing the bridges I began to feel like myself again. St. Denis was full of people. There was no danger of our being caught among the crowd. Then only I thought of our poor barrack. The Prussians, to obtain their revenge, would be equal to setting it on fire when they found their comrade's corpse, without counting that my neighbor, Jacquot, the fishery guard, was the only Frenchman in the vicinity, and that the killing of the soldier so near his house might get him into trouble. Really, it was not very plucky to run away in this manner!

"I should, at least, have so arranged it as to have caused the disappearance of the body. The nearer we got to Paris the more this idea tormented me. I could not help it—it worried me to leave that Prussian in my cellar. At the ramparts I could contain myself no longer.

"'Go on ahead,' I said to the lad. 'I have a customer to see at Saint-Dennis.'

"Thereupon I kissed him and turned about. My heart thumped a little, you may well believe; but that didn't matter—I felt greatly relieved at no longer having the child with me.

"When I re-entered Villeneuve night was beginning to set in. I kept my eyes wide open, you may be sure, and stealthily advanced step by step. However, the village appeared quiet enough. I saw the barrack still in its place, down there by the water, in the mist. At the edge of the quay stood a long palisade—the Prussians going through roll-call. Good occasion to find the house empty. As I glided along the fences I caught sight of Pere Jacquot spreading his sweep-nets in his court-yard. Decidedly nothing had yet been discovered. I entered our barrack. I went down into the cellar and felt around. The Prussian was still under his shavings; there were even two huge rats in the act of gnawing his helmet, and it gave me a sudden, terrible fright to feel the chin-cloth move beneath my hand. For a moment I thought the dead man was about to revive. But, no! His head was heavy and cold. I squatted down in a corner and waited: my idea was to throw the corpse into the Seine when the other Prussians had gone to bed.

"I don't know whether being so near death had anything to do with it, but the tattoo of the Prussians seemed fearfully sad to me that evening. Great trumpet blasts sounded three by three. Ta! ta! ta! It was like the croaking of frogs. Our soldiers would not like to go to bed to such music.

"For five minutes I heard sabres dragging along the ground and the sound of knocking at doors; then some soldiers entered my courtyard and began to call out:

"'Hoffmann! Hoffmann!'

"Poor Hoffmann was lying very tranquilly under my shavings. But I felt as if my hair would turn gray. Every instant I expected to see them come down into the cellar. I had picked up the dead man's sabre, and I sat there motionless, saying within myself: 'If you get out of this with a whole skin, old man, you will owe a famous wax-candle to Saint Jean-Baptiste de Belleville.'

"Well, when they had called Hoffmann until they were tired my tenants decided to go up-stairs to bed. I heard their heavy boots on the stairway, and, at the expiration of a moment the whole barrack was snoring like a country clock. That was the departure signal I had been waiting for.

"The shore was deserted and all the houses were shrouded in darkness. Just the thing. I hurriedly returned to the cellar. I pulled Hoffmann from under the work bench: I stood him on his feet and hoisted him upon my back like a porter's package. How heavy he was! Add to that my fear and that I had been fasting since morning. I thought I never would have the strength to get to the river. Then, in the middle of the quay, I imagined somebody was walking behind me. I turned round. Nobody. It was the moon that was rising. I said to myself: "Look out; at any moment the sentinels may fire!"

"To make matters worse the Seine was low. If I threw the Prussian in the river near the shore he would remain there as if in a shallow ditch. I entered the stream: I advanced. Still too little water. I could go no further; my joints were weakening. At last, when I believed myself far enough in I dropped my load. "Off with you!" I cried. The Prussian stuck in the mud. No way of making him budge. I pushed. 'Get along now!' By good luck there came a puff of wind from the east. The Seine swelled and I felt the dead man drift slowly away 'A safe journey to you!' I cried. I swallowed a potful of water and hastily got back to the shore.

"As I was crossing the bridge of Villeneuve on my return I saw something black in the middle of the Seine. From a distance it looked like a wherry. It was the Prussian who was floating down the river in the direction of Argenteuil drawn along by the current.

Betrayed His Best Friend.

The recent murder of M. Balitscheff, the Bulgarian Finance minister, cannot be charged to the Nihilist, although the Czar's Government sent a note to Sofia lately complaining that Muscovite Nihilists were harbored in Bulgaria. The names of thirteen Nihilists were given in the note and their extradition was requested. The Cabinet of Prince Ferdinand answered that the alleged Nihilists were pursuing peaceful avocations, while well-known Bulgarian conspirators were living in Russia under the patronage of the St. Petersburg Government. If it proves true as already reported, that the murder of Balitscheff was committed by Bendereff, an exiled Bulgarian conspirator against Prince Battenberg, that fact would more than support the diplomatic answer of the Sofia Cabinet. At any rate the Balitscheff murder has recalled to mind another dispatch, which stated about twelve years ago that the most famous of Nihilists, Degaieff, had been finally discovered and arrested at Kostroma, Russia. Later on it was stated that there was no foundation for the report. Many European papers have published sketches of the career of the celebrated Nihilist, the most complete and correct one appearing in the Paris "Figaro," from the pen of M. Victor Yoza, who was residing at St. Petersburg in 1883 at the time of the assassination of Colonel Soudeikine, the chief of the secret police.

About 1880, according to, "Figaro," young Degaieff was a captain in the Russian Imperial Guard. He associated with the Nihilists, and one day he found himself at the head of a plot. The conspiracy was detected and Degaieff was sentenced to death. Feeling that he was lost and entertaining not the least hope he waited patiently for death in his cell, reading books and smoking cigarettes. One night the cell door was suddenly opened. "Those are the executioners," thought the sentenced man. But it was the chief of the secret police of St. Petersburg, the colonel of the gendarmes, Soudiekine, a former mate of Degaieff in the Guards.

"Good morning, Degaieff," said Soudeikine.

"What do you want from me? It is the last interrogatory, is it not?" replied Degaieff.

"No, Degaieff," answered Soudekine. "You are mistaken. It is the Emperor's pardon that I bring you."

These simple words produced a magical effect upon the young prisoner. Shaken by his sudden emotion he could hardly pronounce the words: "What do you ask from me in exchange?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing——at least for the moment. You are free. Let us go out; we'll have a talk at my house."

When once in his library Soudeikine said to Degaieff: "Do you remember our friendship? It is that which has saved you. I personally asked the Emperor for your pardon. I swore to him that you would not begin again. You know that the Czar honors me with his friendship; he could not refuse to me the head of a friend which the law claimed for the gallows."

Degaieff was overcome. He fell upon the neck of Soudeikine and kissed him. He became Soudeikine's secretary and in a short time was the terror of his former brethren. Through him some twenty Nihilists were sent to the scaffold and hundreds into Siberian exile. One day, however, Degaieff was bitten by remorse. Knowing the address of a celebrated Nihilist whom he had not yet delivered up to the police, he called on him, threw himself at his feet and asked him what he could do in order to obtain the forgiveness of the Nihilists and re-enter their ranks. "Kill Soudeikine," was the answer. Degaieff asked to be given one day to think the matter over. He returned on the next day and swore that Soudeikine would be removed in a month. The Nihilists were anxious do have Soudeikine out of the way. Enjoying all the confidence of the Emperor, he belonged nominally only to the Third Section. He had his own personal police, which had nothing in common with the official police. He paid his men out of funds left at his disposal in the Bank of the Empire. He spent for the service tens of thousands of roubles every month, but he lived with his family in a very modest manner in one of the poor wards of the capital. Never wearing his uniform, but always in disguise, he had in town several lodgings where he had conferences with his agents. These agents belonged to every class in society and few knew each other. The lodging in which he daily met Degaieff was situated in a popular quarter on the third floor of an old house, mainly inhabited by small bourgeois and trade employes. The tenants of the house, and even the janitory did not suspect that the gentleman on the third floor was Colonel Soudeikine. It was in this house that Degaieff murdered him. Two Nihilists, appointed by the committee, rented an apartment on the third floor of the adjoining house. They pierced a hole almost through the wall wide enough for the passage of a man's body, and at a signal from Degaieff they broke through with one blow and entered Soudeikine's lodging. They found him, struck with a poinard from behind, and lying on the floor in a pool of blood. As he was still breathing: they finished him with their hammers. Then with Degaieff, they returned to their rooms. Half an hour later the murderer was in the street, so well disguised that he was not recognized even by the three police agents who kept pacing up and down until morning, waiting for any order that might be sent by their chief, Soudeikine. These agents did not dare to knock at the door during the night, but they at last reported to the police Commissary, and when an investigation was made the awful deed was discovered. Meanwhile Degaeiff had proceeded to the Nihilist Committee which secured his easy escape. In the two following months Degaieffs, photographs were sent broadcast, and 10,000 roubles were vainly promised for his capture alive, and 5,000 for his dead body.

The favourable reports of the quality of Tonkin coal appear to be fully confirmed. It is now stated that the product of the last mine developed in Haiphong proves to be excellent. A well-known firm employing twenty-two steamers are taking the whole supply from it, which, although surface coal only, is so good that it is being used in their vessels unmixed, and is considered almost as satisfactory as that coming from the best Japanese mines which have been worked for years. The Tonkin fuel is said to have one very valuable advantage over that from Japan, in that it burns without smoke, thereby showing that the combustion is all that can be desired. It seems likely that its cheapness will lead to its being extensively used in Hong Kong, which has now extensive industries, and as many as twelve million tons of shipping calling annually at the port.

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*THEY are the Remedy that the bounteous hand of nature has provided for all diseases arising from IMPURE BLOOD.

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W. H. COMSTOCK,

BROCKVILLE, ONT. MORRISTOWN, N.Y.

THE "LADIES' JOURNAL"

BIBLE COMPETITION !

NO. 28.

A LARGE LIST OF REWARDS. A GREAT CONSTITUENCY OF SATISFIED PRIZE WINNERS.

NO SMALL PRIZES THIS TIME.

The twenty-eighth competition opens with an immense list of subscribers, and a great number of satisfied prize winners in previous competitions. are among them. Testimonials by the thousand can be furnished from these successful ones. They are very few who are not satisfied, that have entered our competitions, that is saying a deal. even when we give away so many prizes, for all can't get a prize, but all the following articles will be given away to the persons who correctly answer the following questions : Where in the Bible are following three words first found : 1, HYMN; 2, SONG ; 3, SINGER

To the sender of the first correct answer received at The "Ladies' Journal" Office, will be given number one of these first rewards, to the second, number two, and so on till all these first rewards are distributed. The sender of the middle correct answer in the whole competition, from first to last, will be given number one of the middle rewards, the second number two, and so on.

The competition remains open until the 31st July next, inclusive.

FIRST REWARDS.

First, One Very Fine Toned and well Finished **Upright Piano,** by celebrated Canadian firm..... $500

Second, One Lady's First Class **Safety Bicycle,** Ball Bearings, a superior machine $120

Next Ten, each an Extra Quadruple Silver Plate, Double Walled, **Ice Pitcher,** $15..... $75

Next Thirty, each a beautifully bound copy of the **Revised Version** of the **New Testament,** $3.. $90

Next Fifteen, each a Fine **Pair of Razor** Steel Plated **Steel Scissors,** $2 ..... $30

Next Ten, each a Lady's or Gentleman's **Coin Silver Watch,** with good movement—a correct time-piece, $15..... $150

Next Five, each a beautifully chased full Quadruple Plate, satin finish, **Waiter or Salver,** $10. ... $50

Next Five, each a fine Black Corded **Silk Dress** length, $25..... $75

Next Thirty, each **Half Dozen** full **Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons,** $3 ..... $45

Next Ten, each a beautifully bound Set of **Macaulay's History of England,** 5 vols., $10.. .. . $100

Next Six, each a Lady's Fine **Solid Silver Watch,** a good article, $10..... $60

Next twelve, each a set of half doz. extra full quadruple silver plated **Table Spoons,** $5..... $30

Next Fifteen, each a set of half dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate **Dessert Spoons,** $4.50..... $26

Next Six, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate **Dinner Knives,** in neat case, $10 $60

Next Six, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate **Tea Knives,** in neat case, $8 .... $48

Next Five, each a set **Carvers' Knife, Fork and Steel,** very fine, $7..... $35

Next Two, **Fine Family Sewing Machine,** with all the latest improvements, solid walnut case, hand polished, retailed at $70.... $140

Next Three, each a **Lady's Fine Gold Watch, Hunting Case,** beautifully engraved, Waltham movement, stem winding, pinion set, full jewelled, $50..... $150

MIDDLE REWARDS.

First One, **One Hundred Dollars** in cash..... $100

Next Fifteen, each a supremely bound **Revised Version New Testament,** $3..... $45

Next Twenty, each a Lady or Gentleman's **Fine Gold Carved Ring,** $1.50..... $30

Next Eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate **Dinner Cruet**.....

Next Five, each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated **Tea Service** (4 pieces) $40..... $200

Next One, **Twenty Dollars** in cash $20

Next Eighteen, each a **Gentleman's** Handsome Silver **Open Face Watch. Excellent Movement, $20**..... $360

Next Five, each a **Ladies' Fine Gold Open Face Watch,** $50 $250

Next Forty-five, each a handsome long Silver Plated **Button Hook**... $45

Next One, **Twenty-Five Dollars** in cash..... $25

Next Fifteen, each a Ladies' **Fine Gold Gem Ring,** $7..... $105

Next Twenty nine, each a Complete Set of **Dickens' Works,** handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols., $20 $580

Next Twenty-one, each a Fine Quadruple Plate **Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet,** new design, $5..... $105

Next Ten, each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated **Tea Service** (4 pieces) $40 ..... $400

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

First Five, each a **Lady's Hunting Case or Open Face Gold Watch,** extra case, beautifully engraved, Waltham movement, full jewelled, pinion set, stem winder, $50..... $250

Next Twelve, each a Lady's or Gentleman's **Fine Gold Pencil,** very useful and pretty, $2..... $24

Next Thirty, each a beautiful Morocco bound copy of the **Revised Version** of the New Testament. $3..... $90

Next Twenty-one, each a Fine **Solid Gold Stiffened Thimble,** (any size) $5..... $105

Next Three, each an Elegant **China Dinner Service** of 104 pieces, $50..... $150

Next Five, each a Fine **French Tea Service** of 44 pieces, specially imported, $40 ..... $200

Next Twenty-five, each **Lady's Fine Silver Thimble,** $1 ..... $25

Next Five, each a superbly bound volume **Dore Bible Gallery,** a beautiful gift book, $2..... $10

Next One, **Twenty Dollars** in cash $20

Next Five, each an elegant **China Tea Service** of 44 pieces, $25 . $125

Next One, each a beautifully bound gift book, **Coleridge's Ancient Mariner,** $2.50.. .. . $12.50

Next Seven, each a Complete Set of **Macaulay's History of England,** as entertaining as a novel, bound in cloth, 5 vols., $15. $105

Next Seven, each a **Ladies' Fine Silver Open Face or Hunting Case Watch,** $30.. .. .. $210

The sender of the last correct answer received in this competition at the "Ladies' Journal" Office, will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards, one of the gold watches, next one to the last, number two, and so on, counting backward till all these rewards are distributed.

Every letter must be postmarked, where mailed, not later than the 31st July next, or of course any time between now and that date. Twelve days after date of closing, (31st July) will be allowed for letters to reach us from distant points.

Every person competing must send with their answer, one dollar, for which "The Ladies' Journal," a handsome 28 page monthly, will be mailed to any address for one year. There is samething in each issue to interest every lady, young or old, and you will find, even if you do not get any one of the above prizes, that you have received your dollar's worth in "The Journal."

The names and full addresses of the winners of the First, Middle and Consolation Rewards will be published in "The Journal" at the close of the competition. We have thousands of complimentary letters from winners of prizes in previous competitions. Nearly every trade and profession, among all the notable people as well as the more humble, are represented in our list of winners.

Address, EDITOR "LADIES' JOURNAL," TORONTO, CANADA.

"TRUTH'S" SPRING BIBLE COMPETITION

NO. 22.

LIST OF REWARDS ARRANGED IN TWENTY-ONE DIVISIONS.

SEND NOW! DON'T DELAY!

In these latter days there have arisen many false schemes and many scores of imitations of TRUTH's Competitions, but one after another have failed and utterly perished, yet TRUTH prevails, and makes good all its promises. Its reputation is now too well established to risk damaging it, and as it has cost a very large amount of money and many years of care and labor to build up, the publisher could not afford to fail in carrying out all his agreements to the letter. Please note that there are twenty-one divisions, instead of three as formerly, of the largest list of bona fide prizes ever offered and ever actually given away by any publisher in the world. The total value of prizes in this Spring list is about $10,000. Send one dollar and answers to the five following questions: Where in the Bible are these words first found: 1, GRAIN; 2, CORN; 3, WHEAT; 4, BARLEY; 5, RYE. If your answers are correct, and your letters arrive in time, you are almost sure to get a reward, as there are so many and every one sending in cannot always find correct answers to all these questions. All the five answers must be correct to get any prize, but you will get full value for the dollar in TRUTH if you don't get anything else. There have been very few dissatisfied prize-winners in previous competitions, considering that we have given away during the past eight years scores of thousands of prizes. Some people expect a piano for every dollar sent, and are mad if they don't get it. We wish it were possible to give every subscriber a gold watch or a piano or both, but we can't do it. Some publishers intimate they will, but nobody can do it for any length of time. Send one dollar and correct answers and you won't regret it; and bear in mind that we do not guarantee that everybody whose answers are correct will get a prize, but this we do say, that all those prizes in the twenty-one different lists will be given away:

FIRST REWARDS.

First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished **Upright Piano**, by celebrated Canadian firm..... $300
Second, One Gentleman's First-Class **Safety Bicycle**, Ball Bearings, a superior machine..... $120
Next Five Each an Extra Quadruple Silver Plate, Double Walled **Ice Pitcher**, $15. $75
Next thirty, each a beautiful Morocco bound copy of the **Revised Version** of the **New Testament**, $3..... $90
Next Twenty-Four, Each a Child's Extra Quadruple Silver Plated Set, **Knife, Fork and Spoon**, in Fine Satin Lined Case, $3..... .....

SECOND REWARDS.

First Three Each **Fine Family Sewing Machine**, with all latest improvements, solid walnut case, hand polished, retailed at $70..... $210
Next Two, Each a Fine Double Barrelled English **Breech Loading Shot Gun**, top action, pistol grip, rebounding locks, solid walnut stock, twist barrels, $30..... $60
Next Three Each a Lady's **Fine Gold Watch**, hunting case, beautifully engraved Waltham Movement, stem winding, pinion set, full jewelled, $40.. $150
Next Ten, Each an Elegant **Breakfast Cruet**, extra quadruple plate, hand painted bottles, very neat, $4..... $40

THIRD REWARDS.

First Three, an Extra Quadruple Plate **Silver Tea Service**, (4 pieces), satin finish, a beautiful set, $40 ..... $120
Next Three, Each a Colts New Lightning **Magazine Rifle**, sixteen shots, a magnificent fire arm, $25..... $75
Next Four, Each a Fine **China Dinner Service**, 100 pieces, an extra choice
Next Thirteen, Each a Pair of Excellent **Steel Scissors**, $2 ..... $26
Next Twenty-five, each a **½ Dozen Set Silver Plated Forks**, useful for extra service, not heavy plated, $2 ..... $50

FOURTH REWARDS.

First Three, each a Gentleman's **Hunting Case Gold Watch**, extra heavy cases, beautifully engraved, non-magnetic, Waltham Movement, full jewelled, pinion set, stem winder, $50 ..... $150
Next Fifteen, Each a Handsome Quadruple Plate, fine glass, **Butter Dish**, $3.. $45
Next Twenty-one, each a Fine **Solid Gold Stiffened Thimble**, (any size), $5 $105
Next thirty, each a beautiful Morocco bound copy of the **Revised Version** of the **New Testament**, $3 ..... $90

FIFTH REWARDS.

First Five, each a **Ladies' Open Face, Solid, Plain Gold Swiss Watch**, stem winding, a beautiful little watch and good time keeper, $30..... $130
Next six, each a **Gentleman's Silver Open Face Watch**, Waltham movement, exact time piece, $50..... $300
Next six, each a **Ladies' Gold Hunting Case Swiss Watch**, a reliable timer, $40 $240
Next fifty, each a **Ladies' Fine Solid Silver Thimble**, $1.50..... $75

SIXTH REWARDS.

First Three, each a fine Black Corded **Silk Dress** length, $25..... $75
Next Fifteen, each **Half Dozen full Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons**, $3..... $45
Next Ten, each a beautifully bound Set of **Macaulay's History of England** 5 vols., $10..... $100
Next Six, each a Ladies' Fine **Solid Silver Watch**, a good article, $10 ..... $60

SEVENTH REWARDS.

First Six, each a set o' half doz. extra full quadruple silver plated **Table Spoons** $5 ..... $30
Next Six, each a set of half dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate **Dessert Spoons**, $4.50..... $26
Next Six, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate **Dinner Knives**, in neat case, $10..... $60
Next Six, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate **Tea Knives**, in neat case, $8..... $48

EIGHTH REWARDS.

First Four, each an Extra Quadruple Plate **Silver Tea Service**, 4 pcs., satin finish, a beautiful set, $40 ..... $160
Next three, each a Colt's New Lightning **Magazine Rifle**, sixteen shots, a magnificent firearm, $25 ..... $75
Next Four Each a Fine **Cashmere Dress**, sufficient to make up a Ladies' Dress, $10 $40
Next Fifty, Each a Half Dozen set of light **Silver Plated Forks**, suitable for extra service when they will not be much used, $2..... $100

NINTH REWARDS.

First Five Each a set **Carvers' Knife, Fork and Steel**, very fine, $7 ..... $35
Next Two, **Fine Family Sewing Machine**, with all the latest improvements, solid walnut case, hand polished, retailed at $70..... $140
Next three, each a double barrelled English **Breech Loading Shot Gun**, top action, pistol grip, rebounding locks, solid walnut stock, best twist barrels, $30 ..... $90
Next Three, Each a **Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, Hunting Case**, beautifully engraved, Waltham movement, stem winding, pinion set, full jewelled, $50.. $300
Next Ten, Each an **Elegant Breakfast Cruet**, extra Quadruple Plate, hand painted Bottles, very neat, $4 ..... $60

TENTH REWARDS.

First One **Fifty Dollars** in Cash $50
Next Five, each a beautifully chased full Quadruple Plate, **Satin Finish, Waiters or Salvers**, $10..... $50
Next Ten Each a very fine solid nickle straight line lever **Genius Watch**. This watch is well constructed and an **exact time piece**, and no way to be compared with cheap nickle watches, $5 $144
Next one, a French music box, plays ten airs, Harp, Harmonica and Piccolo, changes air at will, in handsome Rosewood case, with inlaid cover, size. $60
Next Three, each a handsome hand painted, brass finish, **Drawing Room Lamp**, $6..... $18

ELEVENTH REWARDS.

First three, each a Fine Black Corded, **Silk Dress**, $25..... $75
Next fifteen, each **Half Doz. Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons**, extra quality..... $45
Next Ten Each a **New Pattern** extra quadruple plate **Cake Basket**, very pretty, $7..... $70
xt Five, Each a Full Quadruple Plate **Berry Dish**, with beautifully colored and white cut glass bowl, a very showy, choice article $15 ..... $75
Next Six Each a Fine extra quadruple plate **Diamer Cruet**, $7 ..... $42

TWELFTH REWARDS.

First Three, each a **Ladies' open face, Solid Gold Swiss Watch**, stem winding, a beautiful little watch and good time keeper, $30 ..... $90
Next three, each a **Gentleman's Gold Open Face Watch**, Waltham movement, exact time piece, $50 ..... $150
Next fifty, each a **Ladies' Fine Solid Silver Thimble**, $1.50..... $ 75
Next six, each a Fine Quadruple Silver Plated, combined **Sugar Bowl and Spoon Holder**, with one dozen Tea Spoons, $12 ..... $72

THIRTEENTH REWARDS.

First Five, Each a **Gentleman's Hunting Case or Open Face Gold Watch**, extra cases, beautifully engraved, Waltham Movement, full jewelled, pinion set, stem winder, $50. ..... $250
Next Twelve Each a Lady's or Gentleman's **Fine Gold Pencil**, very useful and pretty, $2..... $24
Next thirty, each a beautiful Morocco bound copy of the **Revised Version** of the **New Testament**, $3. ..... $90
Next twenty-one, each a Fine **Solid Gold Stiffened Thimble**, (any size,) $5..... $105

FOURTEENTH REWARDS.

First Five Each, a set of half a dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate **Table Spoons**, $5..... $25
Next Seven, Each a set of half dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate **Dessert Spoons**, $4.50. ..... $31.50
Next Six Each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate **Tea Knives** in neat case, $8..... $48
Next Twelve, Each a set of half dozen extra full quadruple Plate **Tea Spoons** $5..... $60

FIFTEENTH REWARDS.

First, One very Fine Toned and Finished **Upright Piano**, by reliable maker.... $500
Second, One First Class **Lady's Safety Bicycle**, ball bearings, a superior machine $110
Next six, each an Extra Quadruple Silver Plate, double Rolled **Ice Pitcher**, $15 $90
Next twelve, each a **Ladies' Fine Silver Watch**, a beautiful article, $7..... $84
Next twenty-four, each a **Child's** Extra Quadruple Silver Plated Set, **Knife, Fork and Spoon**, in fine Satin Lined Case, $3..... $72

SIXTEENTH REWARDS.

First Three in Elegant **China Dinner** Service of 101 pieces, $50..... $150
Next Five Each a **Fine French Tea Service** of 14 pieces, specially imported, $40 $200
Next Seven Each a complete set of **George Elliott's Works**, bound in cloth, 3 vols. $15 ..... $105
Next Five Each a superbly bound volume **Dore Bible Gallery**, a beautiful gift book, $2..... $10

SEVENTEENTH REWARDS.

First One **Twenty Dollars** in Cash..... $20
Next Five an Elegant **China Tea Service** of 44 pieces, $25 ..... $125
Next Five, Each a Beautifully Bound Gift Book, **Coleridge's Ancient Mariner**, $2.50 ..... $12.50
Next Seven Each a Complete Set of **Macaulay's History of England**, as entertaining as a novel, bound in cloth 5 vols., $15..... $105
Next Seven Each a **Ladies' Fine Gold Open Face or Hunting Case Watch** $30 ..... $210

EIGHTEENTH REWARDS.

First **Fifty Dollars** in cash..... $50
Next Two Each a **Fine Family Sewing Machine**, $50 ..... $100
Next Three Each a **Ladies' Fine Gold Watch**, $50..... $150
Next Five Each a Fine Triple Silver Plated **Tea Set** (4 pieces) $40..... $200
Next Nine Each a **Ladies' Fine Silver Watch**, an excellent article, $10 ..... $90

NINETEENTH REWARDS.

First One, an **Elegant Upright Piano**, by celebrated Canadian Firm $500
Second One, **One Hundred Dollars** in cash..... $100
Next Fifteen Each a supremely bound **Teacher's Bible**, $3..... $45
Next Twenty Each a Lady or Gentleman's **Fine Gold Carved Ring**, $1.50 30
Next Eleven Each a Fine Quadruple Plate **Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet**.. $55
Next Five Each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated **Tea Service** (4 pieces) $40 $200

TWENTIETH REWARDS.

First One **Twenty Dollars** in cash..... $20
Next Eighteen Each a **Gentleman's Handsome Silver Open Face Watch, Waltham Movement**, $20 ..... $360
Next Five Each a **Ladies' Fine Gold Watch**, $50..... $250
Next Forty-five Each a handsome long Silver Plated **Button Hook**..... $5

TWENTY-FIRST REWARDS.

First one, **Twenty-Five Dollars** in cash .. $25
Next Fifteen Each a Ladies' **Fine Gold Gem Ring**, $7..... $105
Next Twenty-nine Each a Complete Set of **Dickens' Works**, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols., $20 ..... $580
Next Twenty-one Each a Fine Quadruple Plate **Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet**, now design..... $5
Next Five Each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated **Tea Service** (4 pieces) $40 . $200
Next Twenty-five a **Teacher's Fine Well Bound Bible**, with concordance, $1 $10

This competition remains open only until the last day of June next, inclusive, and the prizes will be immediately distributed to the successful ones. Ten days will be allowed for letters to reach us from distant points after the 30th June. All, however, must be postmarked where mailed not later than the 30th June, or any time between now and that date. Address S Frank Wilson, "Truth" Office, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The Koch Remedy.

A short statement of the nature of the material which is exciting so much interest in the world at large in connection with the disease called tuberculosis, and to give some idea of the man who has presented it to the world, and the methods which are used in its preparation, will be interesting.

It is a difficult task to make the matter perfectly plain to those who are not accustomed to hear the terms commonly used in such discussions by men of science. But I shall try to exclude scientific terms as far as possible, and to give a plain statement of the facts.

In the first place, a word in regard to Doctor Koch. He is a man who now stands, at the age of forty-seven, at the head of the medical world of scientific experimenters. He began his medical life in the Franco-Prussian War as an assistant surgeon in the army, and served through that war. He established himself after peace had been restored in a small country town in North Germany, and there attempted build up a practice.

While doing this, his interest was excited in the low forms of life which are known as bacteria; and he occupied all the leisure that came to him in the study of these forms. It was through work in this field that he first secured prominence in the scientific world, and it is scarcely fourteen years since his first work was published.

This work was printed in a journal called "Cohn's Beitrage zur Biologie der Pflanzen." It was more a study of the general characteristics of the lower forms of life than an effort to connect them with special forms of disease; but these first papers were followed by the publication of a little book upon "Wundinfektions-Krankheiten," which attracted attention among all scientific medical men, and secured for its author a call to Berlin.

He was given a position there under the Imperial Board of Health, with all the facilities necessary for the prosecution of further work in the study of the cause of disease.

The work that Doctor Koch carried on before he went to Berlin was prosecuted under great difficulties, and he overcame obstacles that would have blocked an ordinary man's efforts and discouraged him entirely. But, animated by the same scientific enthusiasm and dogged spirit of persistence that he has shown ever since, he conquered all obstacles.

From the time of his removal to Berlin, and for a time before that, his main effort was toward the solution of certain problems in connection with the disease that is known by the scientific term "tuberculosis."

This is a disease which may attack any part of the body. It occurs very commonly in the lungs, and is there called "consumption." It may also occur upon the skin, and there are different forms there, the most common and terrible of which is that known as "lupus."

There is even a possibility that the dreaded disease called leprosy may be classed as a variety of tuberculosis. It occurs in the bones, in the joints and in the lymphatic glands of the body, and may also attack the various mucous membranes.

Inasmuch as tuberculosis is said to produce, in the form in which it appears in the lungs alone, one-seventh of all the deaths that occur among civilized people, it is plain how important must be anything that will permit of even a hope of its arrest or of its prevention.

There is hardly a family of which at least one member has not been attacked by this disease, and it is its wide-spread existence that accounts for the great interest and excitement that has attended the announcement of the probable discovery of a means of its arrest after it has attacked a victim.

My own acquaintance with Doctor Koch, began in the fall of 1885, after his return from India, where he had been sent by the German Government at the head of a commission for the investigation of cholera.

At that time he had been made Professor of Hygiene in the University of Berlin, and had had placed at his disposal a building which occupied as much space as the whole of the Medical School building in Boston does, for purposes of general medical education.

At that time—and there was no change when I saw him last in December—he would impress one as a self-contained, thoroughly balanced man of science, modest and unassuming. Close contact with him confirmed this impression.

Two months ago, when he was surrounded by all sorts of men, all full of praise and excitement in connection with the announ ments that he had made in regard to tuberculosis, these same characteristics were those which struck one first.

The great modesty and unassuming character of the man, in the face of one of the most tremendous and momentous discoveries that medical science had seen, and the fact that was borne in upon one, that all the work and all the sacrifices that he has made, have been done purely for the sake of humanity at large, and not for personal aggrandizement or pecuniary reward—this is the most striking thing at first sight in the character of the man; but it is not in the least surprising to one who has known him before.

So far as the experiment has gone, he has been perfectly justified in what he has claimed for his material, as employed against tuberculosis. But this is something very different from what newspaper accounts have led most people to believe.

The modesty of his announcement and the modesty of his claim are in accord with the character of the man, and have at no time meant that there has been a cure discovered for the most advanced form of the disease.

The implication and assertion that such has been the case have led to many painful scenes, and many fatal disappointments on the part of patients who have had false hopes aroused.

The implication and assertion made by authority are that in the external forms of tuberculosis the process may be arrested by the employment of this material; that in the early stages of pulmonary tuberculosis is furnished.

So far as our knowledge yet goes, these assertions are borne out by what has occurred in the hospitals.

The material which is used, and to which the name paratoloid has been given, is one of extreme power and activity; but the method of its action is very different from ordinary drugs.

The disease tuberculosis is produced by one form of the low plant life called bacteria. It is a special bacillus, a minute body having a rod shape, which is possessed of very great vitality, that is to say, which is difficult to destroy, and which grows in the different parts of the body where the disease is situated.

This organism, was first discovered, studied and described by Koch, and it was the evidence furnished by him that this minute plant was actually the cause of tuberculosis, that furnished the possibility for the first great advance in the study of this human scourge.

Having shown this, the next step was, of course, to attempt the solution of the problem, to wit; the discovery of something that would prevent the advance of the disease by preventing the growth of this minute plant in the body.

The difficulty of such a research is emphasized by a knowledge of the fact of the minute size of the organism with which we have to deal. It varies in length from one-half the diameter of the red blood corpuscle to the full diameter of the same object. It can be seen only with the very best microscope, and, in dealing with such minute bodies, the difficulties are almost insurmountable.

But the solution of his problem, with many others, has been becoming more and more clear, as work in the department of science called "bacteriology" has progressed parts of the world.

From the knowledge gained in laboratories devoted to this specialty, it was not difficult to determine very closely what this particular material, used against tuberculosis, is, even before the announcement by Koch of its composition.

In order to understand what it is, a few words in regard to the development of bacteria in general are necessary.

This "paratoloid" is not a chemical that can be made like other drugs by an ordinary chemist in an ordinary laboratory. Its chemical nature is not yet understood, and the probabilities are that it will be a long time before it is understood. It is not a compound that can be made by ordinary chemical reaction; but it is a result of the vital activity of the bacillus of tuberculosis when grown under artificial conditions in the laboratory.

It is only one of a great class of complex chemical compounds that have come into our knowledge within the last few years, as the study of the life history of bacteria has progressed.

A short account of what occurs in the test tubes used in the bacteriological laboratory for the cultivation of bacteria will serve better than anything else to make plain how these compounds are formed, and what this material in particular is supposed to do when it is introduced in the human body.

When one attempts to grow a pure culture of bacteria, it is done by transferring a minute quantity of the bacteria upon the point of a needle to the interior of a tube which contains a substance in which they will grow and which will give nourishment. The plants are sown by plunging the needle through his substance from top to bottom.

This being done, for a few days the bacteria go on developing into what is called a colony, a mass of them becoming large enough to be perfectly distinguishable by the naked eye.

After this development has gone on, however, for a short time, it ceases, and the colony does not enlarge at all, although the vitality of the bacteria contained in the colony is unaltered.

Now this cessation of growth is a constant occurrence, and is not due to the fact of the exhaustion of the nutrient material—of the elements proper for the growth of the bacteria. It is due to the formation of a new series of compounds on the edges of the colony, between it and the remainder of the nutrient medium, compounds prohibit the further development of the bacteria themselves.

These compounds are made up of the chemical elements left behind in the substance which nourishes the bacteria after they have taken out the other chemical elements necessary for their own development. They are of extremely complex organization, and are exceedingly unstable, so that they cannot yet be studied by the ordinary means at the command yet be studied by the ordinary means at the command of analytical chemistry. But they are of constant occurrence in all nutrient media in which bacteria are grown, and each bacterium,—not each individual, but each variety,—so far as our knowledge yet extends, produces a special form of compound which prohibits its own development, and may have no influence upon other bacteria at all.

Such compounds form parts of a new class, to which has been given the name of ptomaines. They are apt, when extracted in a pure state, to be extremely virulent poisons. They certainly do prevent the growth of the bacteria that produce them, and if introduced in sufficently large quantities into nutrient media, will actually destroy the bacteria themselves

They are easily destroyed by heat; at any rate, that has been supposed to be case with all of them until recently; but there are now known to be a few which resist the temperature of boiling water—that is to say, are not destroyed or decomposed by it; and that is the case with this material of Koch's, which resists with more or less persistency the application of heat up to the temperature of boiling water.

Now, bearing in mind what has been said of the formation and action of these compounds in the experimental laboratory, that they prevent the further development of the bacteria about which they are formed, it is not difficult to understand what occurs in the body about tuberculous nodules when this material is introduced.

It does not cure by destroying the bacilli, but, in a way, by erecting a wall of necrotic tissue about them, so that they spread no farther in the body, and are deprived with greater or less certainty of means of nutrition. That is what is supposed to go on when this material is employed.

Certainly its action is as wonderful as anything that has been used in remedial medicine. It is used in extremely small doses; usually, to begin with, not more than one milligram of the original material, and it is not taken by the mouth, but is introduced directly into the lymphatic circulation by injections under the skin.

It produces no effect when taken by the mouth; nor when introduced under the skin even in exceedingly large does, unless the person be affected with tuberculosis.

The results that have been obtained thus far are most encouraging in cases of external tuberculosis, as well as in the tuberculous affections of the bones and joints. One reason for this is that the results can be more easily seen, and another that the opportunity for getting rid of the diseased material is greater.

So far as the cases of tuberculosis of the lungs are concerned, the results are not yet definitely obtained. Certainly, in many cases, there has been a very marked improvement in the general condition, and equally an improvement in the local disease of the lungs; but sufficient time has not yet gone by to enable us to determine exactly how far these beneficial results will extend.

There is no question, however, that one of the greatest boons has been conferred upon suffering humanity, and that, while its benefits may not extend so far as our desires may at first have led us to hope, we nevertheless have reason to believe, that in the early stages of all forms of tuberculosis, pulmonary as well as others, we already have a means at our command for the prevention of their further development.

The especial lesson that this fact should teach, particularly to the medical profession, is the absolute importance of making an early diagnosis of the existence of the disease; or, as one of my own patients put it the other day, "that no cough or peal should be neglected," and that every case of the kind should be subjected to all the modern means for diagnosis that scientific resource has placed at our command.

After a Match.

The average person notices the arrangement of a room surprisingly little, says the Albany *Argus*. Its dimensions and the relative positions of the furniture may seem to be familiar to him, but in reality they seldom are. The way to become convinced of this is to hunt for something, a match for instance, in the dark.

You have the mantel, and make a grab where you imagine the match safe stands. Down goes a piece of bric-a-brac to the floor.

More care is used. You find the end of the mantel, and run your hand along the marble slab. Off goes a vase or two. You strike the clock; you've got it. No, it's on the other side. Not there! Ah, then it's on the table.

After running against the stove and tripping over the chair, you find—the sofa. Keep cool and take your bearings. The table is north of the sofa, and the sofa runs east and west; north, therefore is in front of you. Now you have it. That article that dropped to the floor sounded like the match-safe. But it's the ink-well, and your fingers are dyed with a color warranted not to fade.

A bright idea—the stove! You burn your fingers, and warp your patience, but you secure a light. And the match-safe? it is on the mantel-piece in front of the clock—the only place you didn't search.

A Jewish lawyer of St. Petersburg writes a letter stating that all the Jews residing in that city have been ordered to leave by May 3.

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

DRS. R. & J. HUNTER, of Toronto, New York, and Chicago, give special attention to the treatment and cure of *Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma*, and all diseases of the throat by inhalation of medicated air.

A pamphlet explaining their system of treatment can be had free on application. Consultation free, personally or by letter. Office hours, 10 to 4. *Call or Address, 101 Bay Street, Toronto.*

Extracts from a few of the many satisfactory letters received from our patients.

MRS. A. ST. JOHN, of Sunderland, Ont., says: "I was spitting blood, had a bad cough with great expectoration, could hardly walk about the house without fainting, shortness of breath, high fever, great loss of flesh, had been ill for some months, I applied to Drs. R. & J. Hunter and was cured."

MR. SAMUEL HUGHEY, of Oak Ridges, Ont., says: "I was a victim of Asthma for 13 years, and had tried in vain to find relief. Hearing of Dr. R. & J. Hunter's treatment by inhalation, I applied to them; their treatment worked wonders. I can now breathe with ease, sleep without cough or oppression, and am entirely cured."

MR. & MRS. W. R. BISHOP, of Sherwood, say: "Our daughter had Catarrh for 8 years. We took her to Colorado without benefit, her disease extended to the lungs. We finally consulted Drs. R. & J. Hunter; after using their treatment of inhalation for one month she began to improve. She is now cured. We heartily recommend this treatment to all those afflicted with this disease.

Please mention this paper.

It Was Reversed.

"Jack, Davy and I went out for bear once," said my friend Bob Arcaster, as we reclined on a bed of boughs watching the stars through the light cloud which rose from the camp-fire. "Never told you about it, did I?"

We had been talking about our two young friends, who had a day or two before left home to take places in the East Indian Civil Service. Bob had seen more of them of late years than I, and had been amusing me with stories of their adventures together. So it was with the expectation that he had something to tell worth listening to that I replied, "No, what about it?"

"Well, we went out for bear once,' he repeated, and began in his peculiar, slow way to poke the fire.

'You said that once Did you get any bear?"

He had an annoying way of beginning a story, and breaking off without the slightest warning. He paid no attention to my question, but went on with his occupation with provoking slowness

When he had completed this performance to his satisfaction, he lay back upon the boughs, closed his eyes, and remained silent so long that I had almost forgotten that I had asked him anything. After a long interval he answered, "Oh yes, we got one," and relapsed into silence.

There was no use in trying to get him to tell a story except when he was in the mood for it, and then he would not be stopped. So I held my peace until such time as it might please him to go on with his story. It came at last.

"Jack, Davy and I went out for bear once. You remember what Jack was like when he left college. Green ' He knew every thing about Greece, Rome and such places, but about real things, such as salmon, trout and bear, he knew no more than a baby.

"Why, he was greener than Davy, and he had never been out of sight of a clearing until we went out for bear. And conceited!—there's no use in denying it ' le was a thoroughly good fellow, but he had the experience that has since made him manly, strong and modest.

"Well, we were up in Madawaska, and a Frenchman told us that bears were as plenty as blackberries up Green River. Jack, who had a beautiful Winchester with him,—we were just loitering through the country, you know, fishing here and there in the streams, and had brought our guns along more for their company than for any other reason,—Jack, I say, was impatient to get where he could shoot a bear.

"Davy was not quite so eager. In fact, the little fellow seemed more than half-afraid but when I climbed in with Jack, he made no further objection, and we got a Frenchman to pole us up the stream in his canoe. Ever been on Green River?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I need not tell you what a splendid stream it is, and what trout-fishing we had. At the close of the second day we reached the ground where the bears were said to be waiting to be shot. Selecting a nice, grassy spot, we built a lean-to hut with poles and bark, made a fire, and had supper.

"We were a jolly party, although I noticed that Jack did not seem to care about going far from the fire, and he questioned the Frenchman very closely about the habits of bears in general, and Green River bears in particular.

"The Frenchman did not know much more than Jack, but taking it for granted that I knew as little as the others, he bestowed upon us a marvellous mass of misinformation. According to our genial guide, we were in imminent danger of being charged upon at any moment by a dozen or so of ferocious bears of assorted sizes and patterns, and the boys were about half-frightened out of their wits.

"I interrupted Jean Baptiste's flow of horrors with a vehement denial of the state of things.

"'Ah!" said he, 'I only mak' de little fun.'

"Reassured, the boys consented at last to turn in, but, as you will understand, it being their first night in camp, they did not go to sleep very readily. There was an owl somewhere near us, and it kept up an unceasing hooting. Of course, when its dismal notes first came out of the darkness, the boys were startled. Jack's teeth chattered, and little Davy, looking as pale as a ghost in the firelight, got up and seized his gun.

"'Come back to bed, Davy,' I said. 'It's only an owl.'

"'Yes, that's all, Davy,' said Jack; but his voice had its tremolo stop on, whereat the Frenchman laughed.

"You know the thousand and one unaccountable noises you hear when you are in a strange place and can't get to sleep, especially if it is your first night in a camp.

"The boys heard them all, and kept up a constant fire of, "What's that? What's that?" until after midnight, when they fell asleep.

"Next morning they were up bright and early, feeling like old campaigners. It is wonderful how one night in camp seasons you, isn't?

"The Frenchman started off down river after we had breakfasted, promising to come back in two days, and we set out to look for bear.

"We did not see any, though we found some tracks, some of them quite fresh. The fresher the tracks, the less anxious were the boys to go on. This was especially the case with Davy, who frankly owned that he should much prefer fishing to bear hunting.

"I knew perfectly well that we might tramp about for a week without coming in sight of a bear, unless by pure accident, for one seldom sees bears when he is looking for them; so I readily agreed to Davy's suggestion that we should return to camp.

"It was quite early in the afternoon when we got back, but the boys were tired and lay down to rest, while I went down alone to the river, seated myself on the root of a great birch-tree, and dropped my flies over a little pool just below.

"I had not been there long, and had just hooked a fine fish, when I heard a shout, Being busy landing my trout, I did not look to see what was the matter, and it was only when I turned to find a place to put my fish that I noticed Jack climbing a small maple-tree as if for his life.

"'What is it Jack?' I shouted. "Where's Davy?"

"He made no reply.

"'Davy!' I called, without getting an answer.

"Springing up the bank, I saw what at first seemed very amusing.

"Before the camp was a small fire, and within the hut, at one corner, was our bag of provisions. The front of the hut was not more than four feet wide; and across the entrance, busily engaged in testing the quality of our larder, was a huge black bear!

"Jack was, as I have said, well up in the branches of the maple; but Davy was nowhere to be seen.

"'Where's Davy, Jack?' I cried.

"Jack had by this time recovered his presence of mind and answered, in a tone of horror:

"'In the hut!'

"Then the brave fellow began to descend from his perch. He was somewhat given to boasting, perhaps, and was very excitable, but he was full of real pluck. The way he came down the tree showed the stuff that was in him

"Looking within the hut, I saw that Davy was there, and likely for the present to stay there. The only place where the roof was high enough for a person to stand up was now occupied by the bear, who had forced himself part way into the hut. Davy was crouched at the back part, with a look upon his face that I shall never forget.

"He was badly frightened, but the look was not of fright only. He told us afterward that although he expected every moment to be engaged in a life and death struggle with the bear, he could hardly keep from laughing at the way Jack had disappeared when the brute poked his nose around the corner of the tent.

"It seems that the boys had been talking about what they would do if they saw a bear, and Jack, with his Winchester in his hand, was telling just how he should bring him down with a shot.

"'Under the ear, Davy,' he said, 'is the vital spot.'

"At that moment the bear's head had appeared. A better chance to try the affect of a bullet behind the ear would probably never occur again; but Jack was better in theory than in practice.

"Dropping his rifle, he gave a scream, sprang over the fire and took to the tree, while the bear, without so much as a glance toward him, stalked slowly across the front of the hut and began helping himself to our pork.

"But Davy was really in danger, and we must help him. I called to him to crawl out under the back of the hut. But that was more easily said than done, for the poles were very close together, and must be moved before he could get through. Moreover, there was no telling what our four-footed visitor might do if his attention was especially drawn to Davy, as it would be if the latter began to move about the hut.

"'Tell you what, Bob, said Jack, who had joined me, 'you go behind the camp and move the poles, while I occupy the brute's attention in front.'

"The suggestion was as good as any that could be made, and I ran around to the back of the camp, while Jack went off to one side and stood directly in front of the bear, not more than twenty feet of him. The bear eyed him, but went on eating the pork.

"I was not long in moving the poles so that Davy could get through, and had told him to hurry and come out, when to my utter amazement he reached for my hunting-knife, which was sticking in the top of the hut, and seizing it firmly, gave the bear a fierce thrust in the side. Then he sprang out through the hole I had made.

"The bear gave a frightful growl, and seeing Jack straight before him, leaped directly upon him. Jack was watching Davy so intently that he did not think of running until it was too late. When we came from behind the hut, poor Jack and the bear were lying in a struggling heap together.

"'He has killed Jack,' cried Davy, 'and it's my fault!'

"Before I could stop him, Davy sprang toward the struggling pair and began to kick Jack's antagonist. I ran into the hut, picked up the Winchester, and made toward the group.

"The bear was lying upon its left side, and endeavoring to tear Jack with his hind feet, but the boy was too close to him for that. The expression upon Jack's face was no longer one of fear. He had a firm grip upon his huge antagonist, and kept his head well below the terrible jaws.

"'Shoot him, Bob!" he cried. 'I'll take the chances.'

"As Davy still continued his kicking, and consequently was in the way, I told him to get to one side, and drew near so as to make my aim certain, when suddenly the bear's struggles ceased. His hold on Jack relaxed and he rolled over, dead.

"Jack was on his feet in an instant, little the worse for his his tussle. There was amazement in every line of his countenance but he was no more astounded than the rest of us.

"What had killed the 'bear? Could it have been Davy's thrust with the knife? It did not seem possible, yet it might be so. Before proceeding to investigate, to make assurance doubly sure—or as Jack put it to show him that there was punishment after death for stealing pork—I placed the muzzle of the Winchester close to the beast's forehead, and sent a bullet into his brain.

"Clearly it was a cartridge wasted, for there was no sign, in even the slightest tremor, that there had been a spark of life remaining.

"'Where did you stab him, Davy?' asked Jack.

"'Just behind the fore-leg.'

"'What did you do with the knife?' I asked.

"'Left it sticking in the wound. I did not think he'd appreciate an effort to remove it as a favor.'

"'Here, boys!' I said, 'let's turn him over.'

"We seized the legs, turned the body over from the left side to the right, and found the knife buried to the handle in the animal's body.

"Here was the explanation of the sudden collapse of the enemy. What Davy's arm had not been strong enough to do, the struggles of the beast had completed; and the knife, left in the wound, had, by the animal's own weight, been pressed into his heart.

"So it was Dav bear, without a doubt. We did not give the Frenchman more particulars than were necessary. Jack, looking at the maple-tree, said there were certain features of the adventure which possessed no special interest to the public at large.

"When we returned to the settlement, the Frenchman told the story in his own way, and spread the fame of little Davy's achievement far and wide, with sundry embellishments."

Over two thousand dissenting ministers of Great Britain have signed a petition protesting against the return of Sir Charles Dilke to public life, until he shall have vindicated himself—if indeed that is possible—from the charge of immorality now resting against him. So strong is the opposition that it is believed the Liberal party will not dare to endorse his candidature; and that however greatly some of his former colleagues might desire to see their disgraced companion restored to his former position, out of consideration for the party's interests, they will be compelled to turn upon him the cold shoulder. This is as it should be. The man who scruples not to enter into his neighbor's home and alienate the affections of his neighbor's spouse, no matter what his gifts or accomplishments, deserves no better fate than to be buried beneath an avalanche of public scorn and indignation. He that is untrue in his private and social life is not to be trusted in a public capacity.

I took Cold,
I took Sick,
I TOOK
SCOTT'S
EMULSION
RESULT:
I take My Meals,
I take My Rest,
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON;
getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING
FLESH ON MY BONES
AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK."
Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

Devotion to Duty.

Two native privates in the Cape Mounted Police, stationed at Doline Toll, under the command of Sub-Inspector Wilson, were recently sent on patrol to search for some cattle reported loss or stolen. On reaching the Xaxazili stream at Riverina, they found it full and running like a mill race. At first they hesitated to cross, but one of them, a first-class native private, named Fogafoga, said, "Come on, we must cross; it's our duty," and spurred his horse into the stream. In a couple of minutes horse and rider went head over heels, and the horse, after being carried a long way down the stream, got out, but the rider disappeared, and was drowned. He had been about ten years in the Government service, and was a smart and efficient policeman, and apparently not afraid to peril his life for 3s a day.

Mr. Carling's reports on the immigration of 1890 shows that 178,921 immigrants reached Canadian ports last year; but that the actual settlers in Canada numbered 75,077. The arrivals are fewer by ten or fifteen thousand per annum than we have had for five years. Our largest influx was in 1883, when we received 133,624. Of the new comers 13,917 are reported to have gone to Manitoba and the North-West. But it is not quite certain that the 13,017 were Europeans. The immigrants passing through Port Arthur were counted, and it stands to reason that an important percentage of them are Canadians seeking homes in the West. When the new bonusing system, under which $10 per head is given to actual settlers in the West and $5 per head to their families, comes to be felt we ought to have a large influx; that is, provided intending immigrants do not regard the offer of a bonus as a suggestion that there are disadvantages to be encountered in the Territories of which the books do not tell. But the reports of the farmer delegates, which have been exceedingly favourable, and not unjustly so, should remove any apprehensions on that score.

DR. FOWLER'S
·EXT: OF·
·WILD·
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
Cholera Morbus
COLIC and CRAMPS
DIARRHŒA
DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

Roman Stationery.

Do the boys and girls of to-day, who use "Irish linen," smooth white paper, tablets, pens of the finest make, and jet-black ink, know what kind of paper and pens were in vogue nearly two thousand years ago?

At this time, when the youth of our land are forming clubs and circles for the purpose of studying the events of the present, when "current topics" are becoming a feature in school life, it may not be amiss to ask the readers of this paper to look for a little while into the far-off past, to compare the writing materials of the ancient Romans with the elegant stationery of our time, to learn on what Cæsar wrote his eloquent speeches and charming letters, and Virgil his story of the trials of Æneas.

The materials used as paper were of three kinds: the rind of a plant or tree called *papyrus*, parchment made of skins, and wooden tablets covered with wax.

The papyrus plant grew in swampy places, and was especially common in the valley of the Nile. The Romans called the inner rind or coat of the stem of this plant *liber*, "book." Pieces of the thin rind were wetted and then joined together; a layer of the pieces was placed on a board and a cross layer put over it; these layers were pressed together and afterwards exposed to the hot Egyptian sun. The paper was then ready for use, but when a finer style was desired, the sheet was rubbed with the tooth of some animal, which rendered it smooth and glossy.

Their sheets were about ten inches long and from three to twelve inches wide. At first an author or scribe of any kind wrote upon the sheets and pasted them together at the sides in regular order, but after a time long rolls of sheets already pasted together were sold. Sometimes a book occupied sheets pasted together which stretched fifty yards. Some rolls of papyrus sheets nearly fifty yards in length are now preserved in one or two museums in Europe.

When a book was finished, a stick was fastened to the last sheet and all the sheets were rolled together in a way similar to that in which we roll our maps. The name of the book was written in red ink on a piece of papyrus which was attached to the roll. Sometimes the author's portrait was placed on the first sheet.

To give some idea of the antiquity of this kind of paper, it may be added that it was in use long before the year 484 B. C.

Belonging to a period quite as ancient was the second kind of paper, that made from the skins of sheep and goats and called *membrana*, parchment. The hair was taken off and the skin was made smooth by the use of pumice. A remarkable fact in connection with writing on parchment was that the ancients often used the same piece twice or even three times. They did this by rubbing or washing the writing off. Such parchment was called *palimpsest*, which means "scraped again."

In 1816, a famous scholar, Niebuhr, found a manuscript containing the writings of St Jerome. His practised eye detected evidences of an older writing, and by the use of some chemical preparation, he brought out the work of a celebrated Roman author. Writings of well-known ancient authors were found under portions of the Old Testament.

The third kind of writing material was the waxen tablet, which the Romans used for almost any purpose, but chiefly in writing letters and making notes, and by school-boys for writing exercises or working out problems. The writer once saw a photograph of a terra-cotta figure representing a Roman lad with a tablet in hand, looking mournfully upward, as if appealing to his gods to help him with his knotty "sum."

The tables were made of wood, generally beech or fir, sometimes citro-wood covered with wax. There were several sizes, none of them very large, one kind, called *pugillares*, small enough to be held in partly-closed hand.

The Romans took the wood, cut and polished it a little and then smeared wax on one side. In order to prevent the wax of one piece from rubbing against that of the other when they fastened two pieces together with wire, they left a rim around the wood. The wire fastening the backs of the tablets served as a hinge.

When a writer had finished his letter, he placed the tablets together, bound with a strong string, tied this into a knot, placed wax upon the knot and stamped it with his signet ring. Here a curious fact may be mentioned. Many of the Romans were either too lazy or else too industriously occupied in war or speech-making to write their own letters: so their secretaries, who were nearly always slaves or freedmen wrote for them, and as it was not the custom to sign names to letters, the only signature that letters had was this stamp of the signet ring.

Letters began in this way: "M. Tullius C. Julius Cæsar, greeting." The shortest letter perhaps of ancient times was the one written by Cæsar to his lieutenant Cicero, brother of the orator, when Cicero was besieged by the Gauli. It was written in Greek, and the translation is, "Cæsar to Cicero: Expect help."

Now, as you have learned what the Romans used as paper, the next matter is to tell you what kind of ink they had. When they used paper made from papyrus, they wrote with ink composed of lampblack and gum. With parchment, they used a mixture of gum and oak-galls. Sometimes they made an ink by boiling and straining the dregs of wine. It is said that occasionally they used as ink the black fluid emitted by the cuttle-fish.

That the ink was of excellent quality and very lasting we know from the fact that even to this day on certain fragments of ancient Egyptian *papyri* the writing is legible. In addition to the commonly used black ink, the Romans had red, green and purple ink, the emperors wrote their names with a costly red ink which all others were forbidden to use. There was only invisible or sympathetic ink which would appear only when heat was applied or some chemical preparation was poured upon the paper.

A Roman author (Ovid) tells us that people occasionally wrote with fresh milk, and that the characters could be seen only when coal-dust was sprinkled upon the paper. Single and double inkstands, the latter for ink of two kinds, some round in shape, others hexagonal, with covers, were found at Pompeii.

All the stationery needed by a writer has now been mentioned except the pen and pencil. With the papyrus and with parchment the pen used was called *calamus*, a reed nearly the same shape as our old-time quill pen. It was split like our pens, and so had the name "cloven-footed." Certain Asiatic peoples use this reed even now.

With the waxen tablets a sharp iron instrument called *stilus* was in use. One end was sharpened for scratching on the wax; the other end was flat, and was used as an eraser. Erasing was performed by smoothing the wax and thus rendering it capable of receiving new impressions.

When a writer desired to draw lines on parchment, he used a leaden plummet, made out of a small round plate. This served as a pencil and ruler.

It may be interesting next to consider how the ancients sent their letters and other mail-matter. There were no post-officers or post-routes. Under the Empire there was a system of couriers, but they carried only state despatches. When a person wrote to a friend, he had to send his letter by a special messenger or by some friend who happened to be going in the desired direction. In the former case, when a man in Rome wished to write to a friend in Greece, he had of course to pay his messenger's expenses. Naturally, therefore, only the well-to-do could afford the luxury of letter-writing. Poor people wrote no letters at all if they had to be sent to a distance.

On the walls of a house in Pompeii, Doctor Rich tells us, was found the picture of a letter folded and sealed, with the directions. Near this picture were representations of the pens and pencils of the old times. These pictures and others found there have thrown a wonderful light upon the subject of Roman stationery.

Rev. Osborne Troop, of Montreal, has come out as a champion of free seats in churches. The pew is certainly giving way to the bench; but the process must necessarily be slow, for the people are not so ready as they should be to supplement their contributions in order to make up the revenue which is sacrificed by the abolition of rents. Everybody is ready to economize in their church contributions, but few are anxious to give. Still the experiments in Toronto are proving satisfactory. They produce large congregations and give Gospel advantages to a more extended population.

Lately landed—the newly engaged young man.

Caught in a Shaft.

A frequent source of accident is found in shafting. Great care should be used and a supply of Hagyard's Oil kept on hand in case of wounds, bruises, sprains, burns, or scalds. It is the promptest pain reliever obtainable.

The subscription list for the Meissonier memorial has reached the sum of 25,000 francs.

Commissioners Adam Brown and W. D. Dimock have arrived from the West Indies.

"German Syrup"

A Cough and Croup Medicine.

For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as childrens' troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

Rattlesnake Jim.

The oddity of his name struck me. After supper I ventured to inquire how he came to be called Rattlesnake Jim.

"Why," he cried, "didn't you ever hear how I got that name? I thought everybody knew about that."

He evidently felt chagrined. I hastened to explain that I was a stranger in the State, and had just come up to this little mountain valley on a fishing expedition. This at once mollified him, and after a "whiskey straight and no water," at my expense, he explained the origin of his name as follows:

"Bob McGill and I were down on the Middle Feath one summer, prospecting and hunting. We killed a little game, caught plenty of fish, had lots of hard climbing, but did not find a claim that was worth a cent.

"The river canon is very deep, and the sides are almost solid rock. It is the hottest place in all California.

"One day we came to a queer spot and stopped to examine it. It looked like a big stone cup turned upside down in a stone saucer. The rock was lava and full of cracks and fissures. On three sides the cup was pretty steep, but on the fourth was a little narrow place to walk up. We crossed the stone saucer and climbed the knob or cup.

"Just as we got to the top, Bob says, 'Look thar,' and p'inted right down on the other side. Three big rattlesnakes were coiled up in the sun. I always did hate a rattler, so I poked my gun over the edge of the rock and let drive. Right thar I made a mistake. We ought to have skipped out and left them snakes asleep. The moment I fired, two of them, for I only killed one, twisted, and rattled, and coiled up ready to fight. If they had been the only ones we would have laughed, but you see that old rock basin was plum full of the pizen critters. We were right in the middle of a rattlesnakes' den. Those two made their rattles fairly whiz, till every snake in the place was crawling out of the cracks in the rock. If you hear me tell it, we were in a fix. We could not run, and thar were too many snakes to fight. It were lucky for us that the little trail was the only place whar they could reach the top of the rock.

"We kept still a minute, thinking maybe they would go back, but it was no use. They were spilin' for a fight, and seemed to know they had us in a box. They could see us right above 'em, and that riled 'em madder than yeller jackets.

"They didn't wait more than a minute or two till they started up that little trail. Just how many of the blamed snakes thar were I have no idea. I reckoned about a thousand, but Bob always stuck to it thar were a round million.

"Our guns were double-barrelled breech-loaders, and most of our cartridges were filled with buckshot. The snakes were so thick that we killed from one to half a dozen at each fire. We managed for a time to keep the little trail clear, but they kept a coming faster and faster. We killed 'em by the bushel, and if we could have made the pizen things into ile and sold it at five cents a gallon, we could have made a pile of money.

"We were mightily scared for fear they would find a way up through the big rock itself, and kept a sharp watch all the time. If our cartridges held out long enough we could stand 'em off, but we had to shoot lively, and they would soon run short. The whole rocky bottom was plum full of them d—— wriggling, rattling, spurning snakes. We didn't have a drop of anti-snake bite with us. Had drank it all up long before. What was worse, it was good five miles up the mountain to the nearest place where any could be got.

"We were shaky in our knees, for the smell of them snakes made us sick. Reckon you think we were scared. Bob was no slouch at fighting anything in the woods; and, stranger, I never turned back from the biggest grizzly in the mountains; but right then we would have been mighty glad to have got away.

"Our cartridges were running low. We made up our minds that we would have to take chances of running right across that lot of pizen rattlers. It was a desperate case, but we had big, thick boots on, and might get through.

"Bob give a groan when the last shot went. "We've got to chance it now," said he.

We grabbed our guns so as to use them as clubs. Then we walked down the rock a little bit, and looked down among the snakes. I tell you, stranger, it were like going right down into hell. The snakes wriggled and twisted, coiled up and rattled till the air fairly whizzed.

"Thar is many a thing in the woods that sounds like the rattle of a snake. Sometimes it's a weed, sometimes its a leaf, it may be a little stick, or somedry seeds in a small pod. You jump for a minute, and then laugh to think how easy you got sold. But when you hear a genuine rattle from a snake that is mad, you will never mistake it. It will come nearer waking a dead man than a shock of bottled lightning. Thar is not a beast nor a bird but what will get out of the way as quick as a man.

"Just as we shut our teeth and gripped our guns for a start, Bob caught me by the arm and cried, "Wait a bit." Then he run to the top of the rock and yelled, 'Come here.' 'Give me a hist,' says he, as I reached him. "I think I can reach that oak limb."

'The limb of a big oak came down over the top of the rock, and this Bob could just reach by my holding him up as high as I could. He grabbed the limb and climbed up a little, and that brought it down so I could get holt on it.

"We were none too quick, for the blamed snakes were crawling up mighty lively, and I had to kick one of 'em away from me as I swung off on the limb. We climbed that limb and got down the tree in less than no time, and struck off up the mountain. We never stopped till we reached the Mountain Spring House, whar we got a drink or two of old rye, for fear we might have been bit.

"I reckon them guns and blankets are down thar yet, for we never went back for 'em. It were a mighty close call for us stranger: and that was how they come t call me Rattlesnake Jim."

THE WINNERS

IN

Ladies' Jonrnal Competition

NO. 27.

Closed March 25th, 1891.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the prizes specified. Applications must be made for the prizes in the same handwriting as the answers were originally sent in. Please note our charges for prizes following the list of winners. The questions were as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found:

1st Money, Gen. 17 chapter and 12th verse. 2nd Coat, 2nd Samuel, 14th chapter and 7th verse. 3rd Wood, Gen. 6th chapter and 14th verse.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

First one Lady's Saddle-Horse. Mrs Jas Barclay, Bracondale. Next five, each a lady's Fine Gold-filled Hunting Case Watch. 1 Michael Murray, Box 254 Whitby; 2 Bertha McMahon, 71 Wellington St Kingston; 3 Laura McLean, Elora; 4 K M Doan, Belleville; 5 J F Doan, Belleville. Next six each a Fine Black Casimere Dress Length. 1 Miss Hodgetts, South London; 2 Mrs D Welstone, 380 Brock Ave Toronto; 3 Robt. Clarke, 1312 Queen St W Toronto; 4 Mrs G J Donaldson, Listowel; 5 A B Doaz, Fergus; 6 J L Barber, London. Next fifteen, Each a Set of Dinner Knives.—one doz. 1 Minnie Anderson, Box 294 Campbellford; 2 C J Eisele, 69 London Road Guelph; 3 Mrs D H Parry, 71 Maitland St, Toronto; 4 Emily M Mason, 141 Hunter St, Hamilton; 5 Jessie Newton, 58 Colburne St, Kingston; 6 Mrs Thos Gibson, Paris; 7 Lizzie G Sinclair, 289 Hunter St, Hamilton; 8 C G Fortier, Sandwich; 9 David B Layton, 31 Benard Ave Toronto; 10 Jessie Wilson, Witstead; 11 Fanny Parker, Brantford; 12 Mabel Kelson, Brantford; 13 Sarah Murry, North St, St Catharines; 14 Ida Bunting, Pickering; 15 James A Laidlaw, Mary St, Hamilton. Next Twenty-one Each a Lady's Fine Silver Watch. 1 Mr R A Bunting, Pickering; 2 Robt Edwards, 145 York St Hamilton; 3 Mrs E Fletcher, 102 Birch avenue Toronto; 4 Mrs J T McCabe, 160 Huron St Toronto; 5 Mrs S L McFarlane, 131 Henri St Montreal; 6 Mrs R Husby, Seaforth; 7 Edwin Nayler, Sterling; 8 Mrs A Kearns, 570 Yonge St Toronto; 9 Katie Newton, Kingston; 10 Ella Scott, Lambeth; 11 J. H Henry, Box 143 Kincardine; 12 Nettie Gatfield Castleton; 13 Angie M Bacon, Brantford; 14 Mrs J Madill, Shelburne; 15 J D Perks, Kingston; 16 Laura Perks, Kingston; 17 F Logan, London East; 18 Arthur Palm, Burford; 19 Julia Bicker Davisville; 20 M A Danston, Purden P O; 21 Geo P Pulford, Palmerston. Next fifteen, each an elegant Breakfast Cruet, extra quadruple plate, hand-painted bottles. 1 Mrs A Grigg, 181 Herkimer St Hamilton; 2 Donald Mitchell, Walteas; 3 Mrs C Blyth, 365 Wilton Ave Toronto; 4 L H Brennan, 201 Chatham St Montreal; 5 W Newlands, Architect, Kingston; 6 Isaac McMann, Thorold; 7 Wm McKeown, box 578 Belleville; 8 Lizzie Phillips, St Helens Island Montreal; 9 Beatrice Blackford, St Helens Island Montreal; 10 Robert Mowat, 7 Bain Ave Toronto; 11 Mrs H Nelson, East Selkirk Man; 12 Mrs Thos Hopkins, Chatsworth; 13 Mrs Dr Mavety, West Toronto Junction; 14 Cecilia Willison, Ayr; 15 Henry Upton, St Thomas. Next Four Each a Fine China Dinner Service. 1 Mrs Wm Phemister Sr, Niagara Falls; 2 A French, 149 Church St Toronto; 3 Zena Goold, Box 27 Drummondville; 4 F Davis, Box 27 Drummondville. Next Six, an Extra Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Service. 1 R M Bateman, M D Pickering; 2 Mrs T Knox, Lynden; 3 James Vanderburgh, Ardtrea; 4 L I Jackson, "Era" Newmarket; 5 Geo Lester, London; 6 Alfred Mason, London. Next Five, Each a Gentleman's Hunting Case Gold Filled Watch. 1 Mabel L Trenaman, Box 406 St Mary's; 2 Wm Wilder, Cooksville; 3 Mrs James D'Ross, Port Dover; 4 B Daniels, St Thomas; 5 J M Ferguson, St Thomas. Next Five, each a Fine Black Corded, Silk Dress. 1 Miss Treuhale, 125 William St Kingston; 2 Jessie Bigg, Parkhill; 3 Mary B Wallace, 52 Welland Ave, St Catharines; 4 F Forster, Parkhill; 5 D M Forster, Parkhill. Next Fifteen, each One doz. Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons. 1 G W Danks, London; 2 Mrs Mary J Smith, Moray; 3 Maggie Hardman, Box 85 Stratford; 4 John W Kennedy, Miltiken; 5 Helen I Ross, Embro; 6 Agnes Maxwell, Orangeville; 7 Mrs C D McArthur, Hull Que; 8 Mrs Caroline Macdougall, St Thomas; 9 Edith James, Tilsonburg; 10 Mrs J J Hopkins, Chatsworth; 11 May Tubbs, West Lake; 12 Maryette Dolsen, Box 282 Chatham; 13 John McCuaig, Dalkeith; 14 J L Parsons, 14 Adelaide St E Toronto; 15 Mrs G F Currie, Moncton N B. Next Ten, each a Beautiful Bound **Family Bible.** 1, Mrs Movett, Falkland; 2, A E. Webster, 78 Spadina Ave Toronto; 3, Susie F Ruttan, Sydenham; 4, Kathleen Ewart Broadway, Winnipeg; 5 Mrs. Smith, 756 Dorchester St., Montreal; 5 M. A Dawson, Pt St Charles; 7, Lizzie Dawson, Pt St Charles; 8, Mary K James, Pt Huron Mich; 9, F C Peters, Farmersville; 10, L A Dadd, Kingston.

Notice to Prize Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, $20; Sewing Machines, $2; Silver plated Tea Service, $1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses $1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 20c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 10c; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, $1.00

We have had the above notice standing in the Journal for several months, and yet in previous competitions we have had and are having daily no end of trouble to find the names in our lists of winners, who have neglected to comply with these simple requests. Those who do not in future state clearly and distinctly the name of the prize they are applying for, number of it in the competition as well as the number of the competition (given clearly at head of this list,) we will positively not take any notice of their letters. Now no one need be offended as all have fair warning. It is surely only right and proper that each person receiving a prize will at once on its receipt acknowledge it by the very next mail. It will help us and not hurt the prize winner in the least to show the prize to their friends and neighbours and tell us when writing just what they think of the prize they win. All applications for prizes must be received within thirty days after the list has been published.

A Shepard's Accounting.

It is related of a dissenting minister that he started a church in a rural district, but, his congregation being incorrigible snorers, and, what he considered worse, mean contributors to the cause, he was soon obliged to abandon it. His farewell sermon to the lukewarm brethern was characterized by more heat than elegance. He ended thus:—"At the last day the Lord will say to St. Peter, "Where is your flock?" and St. Peter will answer, "Here, Lord." He will say to Calvin, "And where are your sheep?" and Calvin will reply, "Here, Lord," and so all the shepards can answer. But when he asks me, "Where are your sheep?" how will you feel when I am compelled to reply, "Lord, I haven't any; mine were all hogs!"

"Let's see. Do we get condensed milk from Cowes?" asked Smithers. "Of course not," returned Whithers. "Chiefly from Cannes."

The elaborately-dressed woman, on the street especially, is destigned to be a rarity Flashy styles will be given over to the marked women who seek for attention—attention so far as the criticisms of their own sex and the sneers of the men are concerned. That the time is ripe for a material change in the fashions is conceded by all women of taste and intelligence. Styles have run to the extreme, until only a little distance remained to the point of the exceedingly ridiculous. The strain on the purse has been severely felt. Changes, and of a radical nature, became so frequent that even the wealthiest found difficulty in keeping pace with them. The reaction which has set in is both timely and healthy. Women on every hand are welcoming the dawn of the simple in dress, while man will have extended to him the honor he has always esteemed the greatest could be conferred upon him—to walk the street with a woman in neat, but simple, attire.

THE REAL BENEFIT

Of food is lost when the digestive functions are disordered—when the stomach is weak, the liver sluggish, and the bowels constipated. To restore the healthy action of these organs, Ayer's Pills surpass all other aperients. Composed of the best vegetable cathartics, Ayer's Pills cleanse and strengthen the stomach, regulate the liver, and operate gently but effectually on the bowels. Heartburn, flatulency, nausea, sick headache, and other distressing symptoms of dyspepsia are speedily removed by this incomparable medicine. Mrs. M. J. Ferguson, Pullens, Va., says: "Ayer's Pills are the best I have ever used for headache, and they act like a charm in relieving any disagreeable sensation in the stomach after eating."

"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for several years, and have always found them most effectual in the relief of ailments arising from a disordered stomach, torpid liver, and constipated bowels."—Charles J. Booth, Olivewood, Pasadena P. O., Cal.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills, and I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring."—G. W. Bowman, 16 East Main st., Carlisle, Pa.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

He Had a Few Grievances Himself.

"I have travelled on this road for fifteen years," said the loquacious man to his neighbor, "and I never knew a train to be on time."

The other looked out the window, making no answer.

"I remember riding on this road once when it took four hours to go seven miles," the first speaker added.

No answer.

"It's a scandalous outrage that the public should be treated in this way."

No answer.

"Some day the people will rise in their might and put a stop to such things. It's just such insolence as this that caused the French revolution." He shook his head savagely and glared at a brakeman.

"I'm going in town to keep an engagement at 3 o'clock. I'll bet you even money that I'm late."

There was no reply to this offer.

"I'll bet you two to one."

The other shook his head, giving the first indication that he was not deaf.

"I'll bet you two to one that I'm half an hour late."

"No, I won't bet," said the second man. Just then the train stopped and the indignant passenger jerked out his watch.

"Ten minutes late now!" he said "Brakeman, what's the trouble now?"

The brakeman did not know.

"If I'm over half an hour late I'll sue this road for damages."

The other occupant of the seat smiled sadly.

"Hang it! You're always late just when I don't want you to be late."

The brakeman looked at him pityingly.

"I don't see how people tolerate it," the angry man went on. Then turning and looking at his companion he said fiercely:

"You don't seem to mind this stop much?"

"No," was the answer.

"Travel on this road much?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"Every day since it was built."

"And you don't kick at this thing?"

"No."

"Well, you're a Job."

"My friend," said the man of few words, in a subdued voice, "have you any interest in this road, any money invested in it, any claim against it?"

"N—no," was the reply.

"My friend, I have had three crops of hay burned by sparks from locomotives on this road. I have had three Jersey cows and a horse worth $1,000 run down and killed by trains. I was smashed in a collision once and stayed in a hospital for five months."

"Well!" gasped the first speaker.

"I have been a stockholder in this road since the first train ran over it, and I have never had a cent of dividends out of it. I wear a cork leg since the accident. I have seven acres of fine hay land which I never touch. I don't dare raise any cattle. I can't get any insurance on my life. My dear friend, you ought to thank your stars that you are so fortunate."

"Stranger," said the other, "I beg your pardon," and then there was a long silence.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

FOR THE **Handkerchief,** THE Toilet AND The Bath.

Beware of Counterfeits

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

Florida Water.

The Universal Perfume.

CARDS FREE. SEND YOUR ADDRESS ON POSTAL FOR 30 SAMPLES OF NEW CARDS & SOUVENIRS FOR 1891. FINEST IN AMERICA. WE PAY DUTY. CARD WORKS, NORTHFORD, CONN.

YOUR NAME on 25 Lovely Cards, 1 Ring, 1 Lace Pin, 1 Patent Fountain Pen Companion, 1 Fortune-teller Album, 400 Album Verses &c. All 10c. Laurel Card Co., Box 7, Clintonville, Conn.

ARE YOU HARD OF HEARING OR DEAF? Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Garmore, No. 366 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MUSIC--Send to SUTHERLANDS MUSIC STORE, 292 Yonge Street, Toronto, for catalogues of Sheet Music. Mention this paper.

TANSY PILLS! Safe and Sure. Send 4c. for "WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD." Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

Dr. Davis' Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for females, quickly correct all irregularities. Sold by all chemists or the agent, W. NEILL, 2263 St. Catherine street, Montreal.

50c. Per Box.

Mrs. Watts—"How is your girl?" Mrs. Patts—"Oh, she's a perfect heathen. I left her to straighten things up before the minister called and she never even dusted off the Bible."

While the barristers and solicitors of Britain are having their little flirtations occasionally on the subject of amalgamation, the medical profession elsewhere, as well as there, seems to be drifting in the opposite direction. The *Daily News* says: "The Russian medical authorities are proposing a new departure in reference to medical degrees. It is proposed to recognize the necessity of specialists in medical science even on their leaving college, and to give the degree of doctor of medicine in several classes; thus there would be graduates in medicine with diplomas for special knowledge of lung complaints, of eye diseases, of skin diseases, of obstetrics, and so on. There was a time when the leech separated from the barber, and the physician from the surgeon, and now there seems to have arisen a need for further differentiation."

Evolution of Fabrics.

Dr. J. R. Lessing, of the Berlin art commercial museum, writes: The land that first offers to our notice any important textile fabrics is Egypt. Stuffs have come down to us from the ages of the Pharoahs that are actually worn by the Arabs of the present day, the wrappings of mummies. The material of which these are composed is in every instance linen. The use of wool for wearing apparel was forbidden in ancient Egypt, linen only being considered neat and clean. The specimens in the Berlin museum show that this linen attained a high degree of fineness, and even of transparency. The means employed in the designing of them was a sort of network with glass beads, which were partly round and partly oblong.

Wool of various colors were also woven according to the representations on the monuments, but the stuffs produced were not used for clothes, but for furniture and other purposes. Chairs were upholstered in check patterns. There are also extant a large number of patterns in Egyptian wall paintings. These were originally weavers' patterns—the patterns of the loom pasted on to the walls.

In later times, especially in the period of the Ptolemies and Alexander the Great, very valuable articles were produced in this department. Nothing has been preserved, but th reference in ancient literature warrant us in saying that there were products of embroidery and half embroidery.

The rich finds in upper Egypt belong to the late Egyptian period, mainly to the period from the fourth to the seventh century, A. D., at the time the corpses of the rich were dressed in the robes which they had worn during life, and as much as possible was put into the graves with them. Much of this buried stuff has come down to our day in a good state of preservation. In these fabrics we find but very faint echoes of the old representations of the pyramid period—for instance, the lotus flower, etc. Greek rule and Roman rule had passed over Egypt, but the culture had remained Greek, and its chief center was Alexandria. In the seventh century Greek culture ceases; Islam presses in, also the Copts, who leave traces of their culture in the Sassanide, etc.

The finds referred to have great technical interest. What was possible there must have been possible in other places. Another question, "was more possible?" can not be so positively answered. We have no definite proofs which warrant an affirmative. Much must undoubtedly be regarded as provincial which is yet of considerable importance. Particularly interesting in a technical aspect are linen garments, with designs in wool and provided with borders. Their trimming goes above the sleeve at the opening of the neck, in the lower part not quite round, and rises up on two stripes; on the shoulders two round pieces are attached. Another kind is as follows: The sleeves, the lower part, the breast and shoulder pieces trimmed; in the center where the girdle went round, no garment.

The production of these borders was attained with considerable technical difficulty, and it is interesting to see how it was overcome. The material is first woven through, then designed, and the border part unwoven; on this portion the warp threads, therefore, continue to stand without the shoot going through them. The patern is wrought on these threads, which are not bound by shoots, but by a process which is really embroidery, as these threads cannot be penetrated with a shuttle, but only with a needle.

We have, also, a whole series of the fabrics woven with naps. We have, further, the technical peculiarity that the coarse woollen threads are inserted with the needle; short, we have a whole series of interesting details, and the designing, which is weighty and important, reminding us in part of Mosaic patterns. They consist principally of Roman and Greek inscriptions. Peculiarly interesting are a series of floral patterns, which indicate really earnest observation of nature. A series of semi-natural leaf patterns is produced as follows: A large field is formed of dark purple material in a round or pointed oval shape, and on it the threads are put in in white-leaved patterns of extraordinary fineness and excellent taste. These borders are not worked in, but for the sake of convenience are prepared one by one, and sewed on. This is applique work.

About Judea and the Bible gives us many items of valuable information, although in a rather disconcerted way. Much light has been cast upon the subject, we may even say that deep insight has been given us into the textile art of antiquity, by the great discoveries which have been made in Assyria in the course of the present century. Slabs of alabaster were found among the remains of the royal palace of Nineveh, in a good state of preservation, which exhibit in low relief series of figures representing various incidents in ancient life, showing us, for example, this king at court, in battle, hunting, drinking, etc. All those reliefs depict the costumes of the person represented down to the smallest detail.

We see long, close fitting garments of heavy materials with few or no folds, which must have been thick woolen fabrics, embroidered with gold. These garments are covered with circular patterns, stars and in general with plain figures and are provided with borders of the breadth of a hand. The principal part of the garment is completely covered with this border and is quite in the style of the dress now worn on state occasions by the servants of princes. The border is put on either straight or in curves, and has remained so distinct in the sculptures because it has been engraved on the stone with a sharp chisel.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents,—Having used MINARD'S LINIMENT for several years in my stable, I attest to its being the best thing I know of for horse flesh. In the family, we have used it for every purpose that a liniment is adapted for, it being recommended to us by the late Dr. J. L. R. Webster. Personally I find it the best allayer of neuralgic pain I have ever used.

B. TITUS,
Proprietor Yarmouth Livery Stable

Parlor Magic.

An easy and effective parlor trick, which is somewhat in the nature of a scientific experiment, is that called suspension without cords. Dip a thread in strong salt water, then dry it thoroughly. Do this two or three times in succession, but do it secretly, so that your thread may appear to the audience like any ordinary thread. Suspend to it as light a ring as you can get, then set fire to the thread, which will burn from one end to the other, and the spectators will be surprised to see the ring remain suspended by the ashes of the string which has just been destroyed before their eyes. In reality the fibrous part of the thread has been burned, but there remains a small tube of salt solid enough to bear the light weight of the ring attached. Be careful that the operation is not exposed to a draft.

The experiment may be varied in the following manner. Tie four ends of thread to the four corners of a square piece of muslin, thus forming a hammock. Dip the whole in strong salt water, then dry it, repeating the operation three or four times. As soon as the muslin and threads are well saturated with the solution and thoroughly dry, place an empty egg in the suspended hammock. Set fire to the hammock, which with the threads will burn, and if this experiment be well prepared, the egg will remain suspended, to the great astonishment of the audience.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

A natural means to relieve and prevent Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners 5 cents.

Fathers and Sons.

Fathers and sons as well as wives and daughters need a purifying tonic medicine in Spring to prepare the system for the hot season and drive out the seeds of disease accumulated in Winter. B. B. B. has no equal as a spring purifier and costs less than a cent a dose. There is healing virtue in every drop.

The Lower House of the Prussian Diet has voted 165,000 marks to Prof. Koch's institute.

The highest medical authorities endorse Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum for Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Sold by all druggists and confectioners 5 cents.

An accident happened to a C. P. R. train near Sault Ste. Marie on Friday, several persons being injured.

Bad, Worse, Worst.

Cold, cough, consumption, to cure the first and second and prevent the third use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the never-failing family medicine for all diseases of the throat, lungs, and chest. A marvel of healing in pulmonary complaints.

COWLING'S Cures Dyspepsia CONSTIPATION | INDIGESTION PURIFIES BLOOD Sold by all dru | PILLS Prevents ggists.

PHOTO of your future Husband or Wife FREE! Send stamp for Postage. CLIMAX CO. CHICAGO. ILL

Lessons in Phrenology Examinations, Oral or Written. Mrs. Hendon, 237 McCaul Street.

FOR LADIES ONLY Dr. Henson's wonderful specific, OAK BALM will positively cure all female weakness and irregularities. Sample and full particulars free to any lady who wishes to try it. Address J. TROTTER, 93 Howard Street, Toronto, Ont.

$5000 IN PRIZES to those who make the greatest number of words from the letters in the two words "CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST." 389 prizes, ranging from $1 to $1000 in gold. Open until May 20, 1891, (15 days allowed after May 20 for letters to reach us from distant points.) Send stamp for full particulars. Address: CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Ont., Canada.

COVERTON'S NIPPLE OIL

For cracked or sore nipples, also for hardening the nipples before confinement. This oil wherever used has been found superior to all preparations. One trial is sufficient to establish its merits. Price 25c. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose us the above amount and six cents for postage. C. J. COVERTON & CO., Druggists, Montreal.

FREE! THE UNSPEAKABLE DELIGHT OF IT! THE VIM AND BUOYANCY! HAVE YOU EVER BEEN A PRISONER? ARE YOU A PRISONER NOW? DOES DISEASE HOLD YOU? ESCAPE! YOU CAN. COMPOUND OXYGEN WILL HELP YOU HERE. COMPOUND OXYGEN IS A CONCENTRATION OF OZONE. IT IS CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY. INHALED TO THE LUNGS IT SENDS A GLOW OF REVITALIZATION ALL THROUGH THE SYSTEM. IN ORDER TO INHALE COMPOUND OXYGEN IT MUST BE RELEASED FROM THE INHALING APPARATUS BY HEAT. THIS SENDS A WARM, OXYGENATED VAPOR TO THE BREATHING SURFACES THAT IS NOT ONLY MOST SOOTHING AND HEALING, BUT IS MOST EFFECTUAL IN REMOVING CLOTS AND OBSTRUCTIONS. COMPOUND OXYGEN MAKES STRENGTH. THAT'S THE POINT; AND STRENGTH IS THE SPECIFIC OF ALL SPECIFICS TO WORK WONDERS FOR THE SICK MAN.

A BOOK OF 200 PAGES WILL TELL YOU WHO HAVE BEEN RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH BY THE USE OF THIS POWERFUL REMEDIAL AGENT.

THE BOOK IS FILLED WITH SIGNED INDORSEMENTS, AND WILL BE SENT ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE TO ANY ONE WHO WILL ADDRESS

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120 SUTTER ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. 50 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

HOME TREATMENT.
FOR LADIES. SOMETHING NEW.

DR. HEWSON'S OAK BALM An easy method that will appeal to every woman for the preservation of health, and the cure of nearly all forms of diseases common to women. Used by a prominent specialist for years with unfailing success. Sample and Particulars Free. Address with stamp, MR. J. TROTTER, 93 Howard St., Toronto, Ont.

Dr. Wilford Hall's Health Pamphlet.
(The Only Authorized Edition)
A Marvellous Triumph Over Disease
WITHOUT MEDICINE.

The full knowledge of this discovery, by which all future outlays for medicine or losses from ill health may be avoided, costs but $4, and will last a person for life.

The Most Wonderful Discovery of This or Any Age

All who have received the **Microcosm Extra** should order and receive the **Health Pamphlet** from **Toronto**

Local agents supplied from Toronto as required at New York rates. Save trouble with customs and avoid delay. Orders being filled the day they are received.

Do not send your orders to New York when you can be supplied from Toronto more speedily.

Correspondence invited. Further particulars sent on application.

C. C. POMEROY.
49½ KING ST. W., TORONTO.

Good Recipes.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One and one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup sugar, two eggs, butter size of an egg, a tea-cup of sour milk, ginger, and cloves, soda to neutralize the acid of the milk, and flour to make rather a stiff batter.

BROWN BREAD.—Sift two quarts of corn-meal and put it to soak in warm buttermilk over night. In the morning add a pint of molasses, two and a half pints of rye-meal, salt, and buttermilk sufficient to moisten the whole: add soda to neutralize the acid of the buttermilk. Mix thoroughly. Bake three hours in a moderate oven. If the hard crust formed over the loaf is objected to, steam four or five hours. Sour milk may be used instead of buttermilk. If sweet milk or water is used, instead of the other two liquids, baking powder must be sifted with the rye-meal.

PRINCESS PUDDING.—One box of gelatine. Soak until dissolved in one pint of cold water, then add one pint boiling water and one pint of wine, the juice of four lemons and three large cups of sugar. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and stir in the jelly when it thickens. Pour in a large mould (first wet with cold water) and set in a cool place. When hard turn from the mold, and serve with sauce made with the yolks of four eggs, one cup of sugar and one teaspoonful of cornstarch rubbed smooth with a small piece of butter. Rub well together and add one pint of milk. Set in a basin of water and let boil, stirring all the time. When done flavor with vanilla.

TARTAR CHICKEN.—Have three chickens, each weighing about four pounds. Get the provision man to split them down the back, as for broiling. Singe them, and then wipe with a clean towel. Dredge generously with salt and lightly with pepper. Lay them on a board, the split side down, and then press the legs upon the body. Skewer them in this position, using long steel skewers. Skewer the wings in place also. Now spread the breast, wings and legs thickly with soft butter; sprinkle with a thick layer of dried, pounded and sifted bread crumbs. Place them in a large dripping pan, split side down, being careful not to disturb the crumbs. Set away in a cool place. When it is time to cook them, place in a hot oven and cook fifty minutes. After they have been cooking fifteen minutes, reduce the heat. When they are done, take out skewers and place the chickens on a large platter, with parsley and serve with Tartar sauce. Remember, that after the chickens have been put in the pan nothing is done except to set them in the oven, and be careful that they brown evenly and do not burn. The chickens can be cooked early in the day, if the oven cannot be spared at dinner time, and then heated when wanted.

FLANNEL CAKES.—Two eggs beaten light, one pint of milk, salt to taste, two teaspoonfuls of yeast-powder and flour enough for a batter. Serve hot in round cakes with maple syrup.

LEMON SAUCE.—One teacupful of sugar, one-half teacupful butter, one tablespoonful of flour, all well mixed together. Add also grated rind of lemon and a pint of boiling water. Boil five minutes. When ready to serve squeeze into sauce juice of one lemon.

RICE BALLS.—Into three pints of boiling milk put half a pint of rice (well washed, and boil with a little cinnamon till tender. Add water if necessary and sweeten to taste; when done and nearly cold make into balls, and dip in egg and bread crumbs, fry in hot lard, or brown in the oven; sprinkle with sugar and serve.

BEEF ALAMODE.—Cut gashes in six or eight pounds of round, fill them with salt fat pork cut in dits and with force meat made of bread-crumbs and salt fat pork. In a stew-pan put a handful of parsley, a bay leaf, a little garlic, a sprig of thyme, two onions with a few cloves stuck in them, half a carrot, half a pound of fat pork cut into little square pieces, cover with a gill of good cider vinegar. Place the beef on this mixture, cover closely and set over a slow fire or in a moderately heated oven and let it cook about four hours. When done strain and thicken the gravy. In cool weather this will keep a week.

Justice Stephen, who has just retired from the English bench, will receive a pension of $25,000 a year.

A Canadian Case.

The case of Mrs. E. A. Storey, of Shetland Ont., is remarkable proof of the efficacy of Burdock Blood Bitters in Headache. She writes: "For over 40 years I was a martyr to headache, having severe attacks about once a week. Have now used 3 bottles of B. B. B. and have had no attack for 4 or 5 months."

The Mythological Fates.

"Somewhere upon the unknown shore,
Where the streams of life their waters pour,
There sit three sisters evermore
Weaving a silken thread."

Lovers of classic paintings are familiar with that famous group, called the "Three Fates." Fate seems cruel when it deprives women and girls of health. But in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they find a cure of untold value for nervous prostration, sick headache, bearing-down pains, bloating, weak stomach, anteversion, retroversion, and all those excruciating complaints that make their lives miserable. All who use it praise it. It contains no hurtful ingredients, and is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or its price ($1.00) will be refunded.

Eiffel, the builder of the Paris tower, must find it difficult sometimes to live up to it.

Voice Culture, Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum improves the voice. Used by all the leading singers and actors. Sold by all druggists and confectioners 5 cents.

An old settler—quicksand.

The Single Tax.

The single tax may relieve poverty but as a remedy for painful ailments it cannot compare with Hagyard's Yellow Oil the old reliable cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, croup sore throat, lumbago, colds and inflammatory diseases.

The flowery city—Minneapolis.

The Book of Lubon.

A man without wisdom lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of man containing Facts For Men of All Ages! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged, and Young Men. Proven by the sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible a instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to invalids who are weak and nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics, and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science, Subjects. Also gives a description of Specific No. 8, The Great Health Renewer; Marvel of Healing and Koh-i-noor of Medicines. It largely explains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained. The book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand and follow our views, there would be world of Physical, intellectual and moral giants. This book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. The book of Lubon, the Talisman of Health brings bloom to the cheeks, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the Wise and Otherwise. Lubon's Specific No. 8 the Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowned with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men have felt the power and testified to the virtue of Lubon's Specific No. 8. All Men Who are Broken Down from over work or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read this valuable treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage. Address all orders to M. V. LUBON, room 15, 50 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

A liverymanbaits his horse to catch a customer.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for the blood.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for the blood.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for the blood.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for the blood.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for the blood.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for the blood.

The question of the hour: What time is it?

TO ASSIST NATURE most effectually in her efforts to throw off or resist serious disease, it is essential that an impulse should be given to functions which growing ill health suspends or weakens, namely, the action of the bowels, bilious secretion, and digestion Oftentimes, though this is impracticable by the use of ordinary remedies it proves an easy task when Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is resorted to.

An all-round man—Daniel Lambert.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper W. A. NOYES,

A Complete Collapse

is occasioned in our feelings by derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure sick and bilious headache, bowel complaints, internal fever and costiveness. They remove all waste matter, and restore health to body and mind. A dose, as a laxative, consists of one tiny, sugar-coated Pellet. Cheapest and easiest to take. By druggists, 25 cents a vial.

Pickets being so useful and necessary as means of defence, it appears singular that they are thrown out as soon as the camp is threatened.

Dyspepsia has driven to an early and even suicidal grave many a man who, if he had tried the virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, would be alive to-day and in the enjoyment of health and competence. Sufferer, be warned in season, and don't allow the system to run down.

While some people are very particular as to whom they talk with, a mute would like to be on speaking terms with almost anybody.

Robert Lubbuck, Cedar Rapids, writes: "I have used *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* both for myself and family for Diphtheria with the very best results. I regard it as the best remedy for this disease, and would use no other."

The plain man never feels at home on a mountain, and the man from the mountain top is lonely without a mountain-near.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a combination of several medicinal herbs which exert a most wonderful influence in curing pulmonary consumption and all other diseases of the lungs, chest and throat. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, and gives ease even to the greatest sufferer. Coughs, colds, shortness of breath, and effections of the chest, attended with weakness of the digestive organs, or with general debility, seem to vanish under its use. No other remedy acts so readily in allaying inflammation or breaking up a severe cold, even the most obstinate cough is overcome by its penetrating and healing properties. When children are affected with colds, coughs, inflammation of the lungs, croup, quinsey, and sore throat, this Syrup is of vast importance. The number of deaths among children from these diseases is truly alarming. It is so PALATABLE that a child will not refuse it, and is put at such a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

Order is heaven's first law, no doubt, but pay for what you order is an amendment adopted by careful business men.

Health cannot be maintained without good digestion. Try Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum as an effectual remedy for indigestion. Sold by all druggists and confectioners 5 cents.

The T gown is now cut with a V neck, and other alphabetical changes will probably be made from time to time.

Ample warning is given us by our lungs when they are in danger. If foolhardy enough to neglect the warning signal, we incur imminent peril. Check a cough at the outset with *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*—which is a sovereign pulmonic—besides being a remedy for soreness, lameness, abrasions of the skin, tumors, piles, rheumatism, etc.

Morning wraps were the invention of the man who wakes up hotel guests for the early train.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled.—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

Robinson Crusoe had only one Friday, but he must have had a good many blue Mondays.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS WINSLOW SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allay all pain, cures wind colic and the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

Dame Nature is a Good Book-keeper.

She don't let us stay long in her debt before we settled for what we owe her. She gives us a few years' grace at the most, but the reckoning surely comes. Have you neglected a cough or allowed your blood to grow impure without heeding the warnings? Be wise in time, and get the world-famed Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which cures as well as promises. As a blood-renovator, a lung-healer, and a cure for scrofulous taints, it towers above all others, as Olympus overtops a mole-hill. To warrant a commodity is to be honorable and above deception, and a guarantee is a symbol of honest dealing. You get it with every bottle of the "Discovery." By druggists.

The secrets of the desert of Sahara are among those things that nomad can find out.

Jacob Loeckman, Buffalo, N. Y., says he has been using *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* foe rheumatism; he had such a lame back he could not do anything, but one bottle has, to use his own expression, "cured him up." He thinks it the best thing in the market.

Should the planets hold a spare-ring contest, Saturn ought to win the championship.

There must be great merit in SLOCUM'S preparations. His OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL has taken the first place as a cure for consumption and kindred diseases. Every druggist sells it and no householder should be without it. The remedy is reliable and invaluable.

The way to improve the male service is to threaten to substitute female waiters.

MALADIES MULTIPLY ONE ANOTHER. A simple fit of digestion may—especially if the constitution is not naturally vigorous—throw the entire mechanism of the liver and bowels out of gear. Sick headache follows, poisoning of the blood by bile ensues, and their is grave and serious disturbance of the entire system. Check the threatened dangers at the outset with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the medicine that drives every impurity from the blood.

Talk about ability in women, amiability makes up for a good many defects.

Recommended by one of the most eminent physicians on the American continent as an aid to digestion. Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold everywhere 5 cents.

One man may start a paper, but it takes a good many to keep it going.

Consumption and Lung Difficulties.

Always arise from particles of corrupt matter deposited in the air-cells, by impure blood. Purify that stream of life and it will very soon carry off and destroy the poisonous matter, and like a crystal river flowing through a desert will bring with it and leave throughout the body the elements of health and strength. As the river, leaving the elements of fertility in its course, causes the before barren waste to bloom with flowers and fruit, so pure blood causes the frame to rejoice in strength and health, and bloom with unfading beauty. All Medicine Dealers sell Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Who hath redness of ii's? The book-keeper who writes with red ink.

The entering wedge of a complaint that may prove fatal is often a slight cold, which a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral might have cured at the commencement. It would be well, therefore, to keep the remedy within reach at all times.

California pedestrians are all right when they strike the Golden Gait.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure yours corns.

The dude is never so much himself as when he is absent-minded.

Mr. C. E. Riggins, Beamsville, writes: "A customer who tried a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery says it is the best thing he ever used; to quote his own words, 'It just seemed to touch the spot affected.' About a year ago he had an attack of bilious fever, and was afraid he was in for another, when I recommended this valuable medicine with such happy results."

The lamp or experience is not always fed with the oil of gladness.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

House-raisers have been equally successful as shoplifter.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

Burglar Experiences.

It is a mistake said a "professional" to us the other day, to suppose that we have any difficulty in getting into houses we wish to "crack."

Burglars can get into any ordinary house with ease. In many cases it is only necessary to break a pane of glass and thrust a hand in and turn the knob of a door or move the fastening of a window. An ordinary jimmy will open any wooden door or window. To force open any of the ordinary iron fastenings that are placed outside of dwellings is but the work of a few moments with modern burglars' tools. Bars are pried apart with slow and powerful Jack screws that are almost strong enough to raise buildings. The iron framework of an ordinary iron gate is easily displaced with a jimmy.

Ordinary locks are not the slightest protection against burglars. Simple skeleton keys will open common locks. If a key is left in a door it is the easiest thing for a burglar to put a wire through the keyhole and, working from the outside of a door, turn the key on the inside. This is a common practice with hotel thieves, and to guard against it bolts have come into general use. But even bolts can be pushed back by expert burglars. The latest plan of doing this is by working through a keyhole with a piece of steel wire and a strong cord. The location of the bolt is obtained either by observation in the daytime or by exploration at night. The skillful use of this steel wire and cord makes a strong bow, the string of which is used to shove back a bolt. This instrument is sometimes called "The Widdle," which is the burglar's way of saying widow. It is one of the various methods of working at the door locks through a keyhole. The modern chain bolt is easily opened by a burglar using a twisted wire. Of course, the chain bolt is not essentially a night fastening. It is mainly intended to hold a door while the person inside opens it to see who is outside, and as a precaution against being taken by surprise by having a door suddenly pushed inward by an intruder.

Burglars can push back an ordinary window catch by inserting a thin case knife. The newest window catches are arranged so as to prevent this. Fastenings on wooden window shutters or blinds are easily burglarized by means of boring and sawing. The professional burglars have an old-time method of breaking window panes without noise. They first paste over the pane to be cracked a complete covering of paper. Then when the pane is cracked by a slow, steady pressure, which is quite as effective as a blow, there is only a sort of crunching noise and no falling of glass. This is really an old method, and particularly applicable to most of the front doors in present use. It seems to be the universal custom to light front halls with side lights, every one of which is a constant invitation to the burglar to come at his leisure, break one side light, thrust his hand in the opening, and turn the knob or key. This is easily done, so as not to alarm a sleeping household, by taking advantage of the noise of a passing vehicle. It is tacitly admitted that no ordinary door under a front step is safe, because a burglar once there can work without observation at his leisure. Therefore most houses have iron gates to their basement doors.

A good deal of burglars' work is done by means of inside confederates, dishonest servants, or employees, whose part of the work consists in furnishing easy access to the skilled burglar, who does not wish to run the risk of detection while breaking into a household, but is able, once in, to break into a safe or a strong box. In such cases care is taken to remove suspicion from the inside confederate by making some marks on a door or window to look as if entrance had been forced that way.

In city houses the burglars often receive material aid to obtain entrance by upper-story windows by means of architectural adornments. In many cases the rough stones, the cornices, the carvings, the projections, and other ornaments of house fronts form convenient ladders by which burglars climb to upper floors and enter easily at points which are always less guarded than the entrances to lower floors. Once inside, the burglar makes his way first to the front door and prepares for easy egress in case of detection.

It might be supposed that a very efficient protection to a closed door or shutter would be a cross bar inside of wood or iron. Burglars, however, have a simple method of removing such an obstruction. They first locate the bar by boring, and then either lift it out of its sockets or saw it apart.

The plan most generally adopted now to prevent burglary of safes that contain large amounts of valuable property is to place them in full light where watchmen or policemen passing may have a full view from the outside day and night by means of eye-holes in the shutters, or where these are not in use, through a certain part of the shop window. Another protection is by means of electric alarms. But the burglars have begun to study electricity, too, and one of their latest devices is a method of fixing the wires so that no alarm will be sounded. The principal of the alarm is generally the breaking of a connecting wire. In some cases the burglars have managed to get along without even starting the electric alarm.

The general field for bank burglars is now in country towns, and the most successful house burglaries are in country residences, where interference from the outside is less likely. But, one way and another, the best known burglars have come to much grief. They may succeed for a time, but they invariably fall over a trifling error of judgment and meet with their deserts.

In Canada and the States it is both a presumption of law and the experience of fact that burglars work with the intention to commit murder if necessary to enable them to escape. There, a burglar caught in the act may be justifiably killed, and there are occasional instances of sturdy householders tackling burglars with success. Police authorities are unanimous that the best way to tackle a burglar is to shoot him before he knows you have seen him, or to give an alarm so that assistants may come and help to catch him. Generally the burglar will drop his plunder and run if he can.

Noise is the best protection against burglars. A barking dog, a crying child, a stumble in the dark, a heavy walk, a late comer into a house, and occasionally a burglar alarm, will make a burglar drop his swag and run. The trouble with burglar alarms is that they often go off without apparent provocation when there are no burglars about the premises, and thus unnecessarily terrorize people at unseemly hours of the night. There have been some sad cases where honest people have been mistaken and shot for burglars.

Do Not be Anxious.

It is very hard to carry one's self easily and happily through such a period of sickness and such an increase in mortality as the present, taking careful precautions, yet keeping free from anxiety. The reason why it is difficult is, that we do not realize for what we are to trust God. We are apt to trust him to do for us what we wish; and then, as soon as it seems likely that he is about to do something different, all our trust, and all the happiness and comfort we draw from our trust, fail us. Instead, we ought to trust him to do what is best. If one can truly realize that our own desires and instinctive hopes and wishes cover only a fraction of what is really best for us, and that the other and more important portion is secured by our Father's ordering and disposing our affairs as he sees to be best, against our hopes and wishes, there is no longer any anxiety. There is suffering and disappointment in life, but no anxiousness.

If one can fully feel, day by day: Life and death are both good in their time and place; the blessing of life, while it ought to last, is to be secured and protected to me by my inherent and instinctive love of life, and my natural care and caution to preserve it; the blessing of death is to be secured to me, when it is time, by the wisdom and love of God, which is to bring it upon me in spite of my reluctance—then there is no longer any anxiety as to life or death. So, if we can feel that health and sickness are both good in their time—health as an enjoyment and means of labor, sickness as a discipline and means of growth; the blessing of health, while it ought to last, to be secured to me by my love of it and care for it, by my precautions in health and the remedies I employ when sick; the blessing of sickness to be secured to me by the love and power of God, pledged to bring sickness upon me whenever I need it, notwithstanding all my care and precautions—there is no longer any anxiety about sickness.

Some men are so impatient of opposition that they neglect eating for fear it won't agree with them.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is a luxury that will invigorate digestion and never fails to create an appetite. Sold by all druggists and confectioners 5 cents.

The Paris *Temps* publishes a letter from Tonquin announcing that in the delta there are twenty-three bands of pirates, partially armed with quick-firing rifles. Several of these gangs consist of from 200 to 300 men, while two had as many as 1400 to 1800 members.

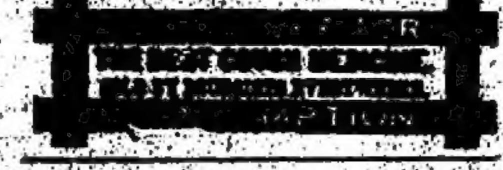
[illegible]'s Liniment Cures Diphtheria

HEALTH PAMPHLET — Sickness cured, health preserved and life prolonged by Dr. A. Wilford Hall's Great Hygienic Discovery, "Extra," containing author's statement concerning it, free. C. C. Pomeroy, General Agt., 49 King St. W., Toronto.

500 Games, Tricks, Songs, Conundrums, Auto. Selections, Lover's Tel. Dreams and New Designs Basket Fringe, Envelope, Silk or Plush Bow, Golden Clasp, Floral Motto Cards, Scrap Pictures, 1ft. Catalogue 2c. Franklin P'tg. Co., New Haven, Ct.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED
Send name and address for THESIS, with REPORTS of CASES, to
P. HAROLD HAYES, M.D.,
716 MAIN ST. BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. [illegible]



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25 Cts. for a $2.00 Ring. This ring is made of Two heavy plates of SOLID 18 KARAT GOLD, over composition metal, and is warranted to wear and retain its color for years. A written guarantee sent with each ring. The regular price is $2, and it cannot be told from a regular $10 ring. To introduce our watches and jewelry, we will send the ring to any address, together with our wholesale catalogue, with special terms to Agents, Merchants, &c., on receipt of 25 cents post or cash. Such a ring was never advertised before. Order immediately. (Send slip of paper size of your finger.) Address SEARS & CO., 115 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

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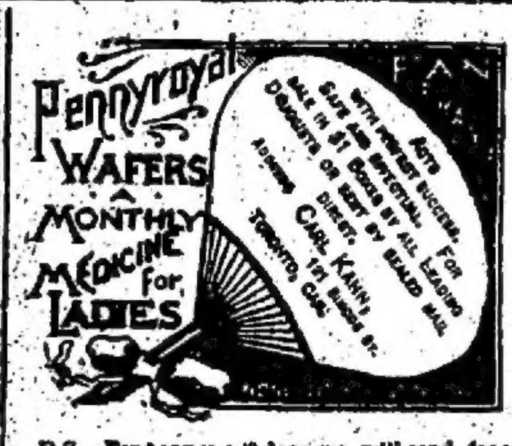

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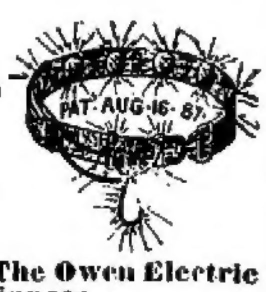
(Head Office, Chicago, Ill.)

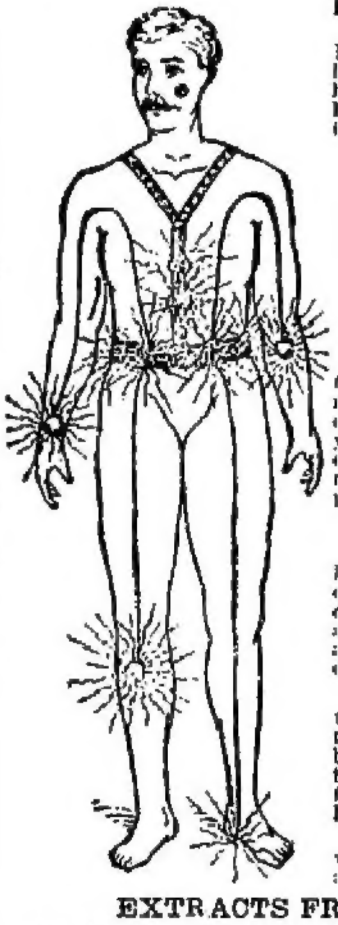
Incorporated June 17, 1887, with Cash Capital of $50,000.



(Patented in Canada, December, 1877.)

71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Can.



Electricity as Applied by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliances

Is now recognized as the greatest boon offered to suffering humanity. It has, does and will effect cures in seemingly hopeless cases where every other known means has failed. Rheumatism cannot exist where it is properly applied. By its steady, soothing current, that is easily felt it will cure.

Rheumatism	Liver Complaint
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It is not pleasant to be compelled to refer to the indisputable fact that medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture the assertion that although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, **it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.** Some of our leading physicians recognizing this fact, are availing themselves of this most potent of Nature's forces.

TO RESTORE MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

As man has not yet discovered all of Nature's laws for right living, it follows that every one has committed more or less errors which have left visible blemishes. To erase these evidences of past errors, there is nothing to equal Electricity as applied by the Owen Electric Body Battery. Rest assured, any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drugs is practising a most dangerous form of charlatanism.

We Challenge The World

to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. Other belts have been in the market for five or ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than any other makers combined.

ELECTRIC INSOLES. Dr. Owen's Electric Insoles will prevent Rheumatism and cure Chilblains and Cramps in the feet and legs. **PRICE, $1.00 SENT BY MAIL.**

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"For eight years I have suffered with rheumatism, and am now out of pain and growing better daily and in my 75th year. Can confidently recommend the Owen Belt when every thing else fails." A. Menzies, Niagara Falls.

"Having some knowledge of electricity and its power, and having used other belts prior to my use of yours, I can say that it is the best I have ever worn." Jas. Blair, Port Dalhousie.

"Am much pleased with belt; it has done me a great deal of good already." J. Sergerim, Galt, Ont.

"Saved my life when I had muscular rheumatism." Mrs. Caroll, West Market St.

"Your Electric Belt cured a violent attacked sciatic rheumatism of several months' standing, in eight days." Jas. Dixon, sen., Grand Valley, Ont.

"Have been a sufferer for years from nervous headaches and neuralgia. After trying one of your belts am more than satisfied with it. Can knock out a headache now in fifteen minutes that used to keep me in bed for days." Thomas Gales, Crawford Street, Toronto.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND CHEAP BELTS.

Our attention having been attracted to the many base imitations of "The Owen Electric Belt," we desire to warn the public not to be deceived by the false statements of men calling themselves electricians, who lacking brains sufficient to produce an Electric Belt of their own creation, have copied as near as they dare in appearance, but only in appearance, the "Genuine Owen Electric Belt" that has stood the test of years and with more than a continental reputation.

In justice to ourselves and generous public we are determined to expose such unprincipled trickery, and prevent, if possible, the unsuspecting from being gulled by such men and means.

The Owen Electric Belt Co. is not afraid of fair and open competition, as their goods have no equal in this or any other country, and will bear inspection by those competent to judge—and so great are they in demand that there are more of them made and in use than all other makes combined, their Chicago factory alone being the largest of its kind in the world.

Our Trade Mark is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen, embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co. None genuine without it.

The cheap so-called Electric Belts advertised by some concerns are perfectly worthless as a curative power and dear at any price. A genuine Electric Belt cannot be manufactured and sold at cheap prices. Send six cents for illustrated catalogue of information, testimonials, &c.

The Owen Electric Belt Co., 71 King St. West Toronto.

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Delicately flavored.
Needs only boiling milk.
Ask your grocer for it.

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Beware of Imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF *Stewart Hartshorn* ON LABEL, AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

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Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE and a valuable Treatise. This remedy is a sure and radical cure and is perfectly harmless as no injurious drugs are used in its preparation. I will warrant it to cure

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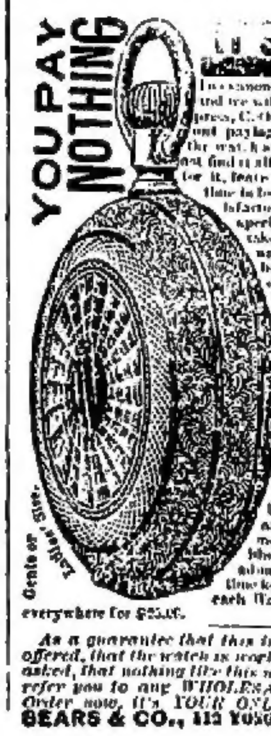

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